THE GATEWAY

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Proportional Representation and Oriental Immigration

Two Subjects Debated by Provincial H. S. Debating Teams in Convocation Hall Under Auspices of "Lit."

Under the auspices of the U. of A. Literary Association, the Department of Extension staged the finals of the Provincial High School Debating League in Convocation Hall, on Friday, March 2nd.

The debates were of the highest merit and were a healthy indication of the interest taken in training of this kind in the province. All of the speakers, who were quite youthful, spoke with remarkable ease and finish, emphasizing effectively in places, and using occasional humorous jibes with rare skill.

Musical numbers on the program were provided by members of the University "Lit.", Helen Armstrong singing a delightful solo; Stan Ross and Cedric Edwards each gave a piano solo. After the program, the Lit. staged a tea in the Wauneita rooms for the debaters, judges, officials, etc., (Frank Halliday and Angus MacDonald serving).

The "A" division debate was between Medicine Hat H. S., represented by Miss Dorothy Muir (sister of our Keith), and Mr. Clarence White; and Strathcona H. S., represented by Miss Marjorie Teetzel and Mr. Donald MacKenzie. The topic for debate was "Proportional Representation."

Miss Muir, leader of the affirmative, led the attack upon the present system of elections by quoting some amazing figures to show the injustice of misrepresentation in the last Dominion election. She pointed out the successful working of proportional representation where it had been tried, and urged its use in all Canadian elections as a logical step toward real democracy. Mr. White ably supported his leader, both by the skill of his presentation and the soundness of his arguments.

Miss Teetzel for the negative was not at all discouraged by the broadside of arguments from Medicine Hat, and promptly expressed and explained her failure to agree with the affirmative. To her mind, class legislation was undesirable and impolitic, and would be the inevitable result of proportional representation. She saw a danger of elections becoming the expression of the temporary whims of various sections, rather than a reliable indication of the general feeling of the whole electorate, if the system of P. R. were adopted. Mr. MacKenzie was emphatic in the support of his leader and in criticism of his opponents' arguments.

The judges awarded the decision to the team from Strathcona H. S. after congratulating both teams upon the excellence of their work.

The "B" division debate, on the subject of the Exclusion of Orientals, was argued in the affirmative by Misses Irene Daw and Helen Isbester, from Magrath, and the negative side was presented by the representatives from Bruderheim, Miss Edith Kupsch and Mr. Edward Lilge.

These teams crossed swords from the word 'go' and failed to agree on any one point. The affirmative felt that Orientals aliens were undesirable as immigrants, especially while the British Isles were so overpopulated. These young ladies felt no sympathy for a 'race of indolent men' who had in their own country one of the world's richest undeveloped hinterlands, and unsettled lands sufficient, if developed, to feed all the mouths of the Orient for countless centuries. They pointed out the improbability of men who failed to develop their own land being useful citizens in a land like Canada.

The negative pointed out that their opponents' arguments were superficial and ill-founded, producing statistics and statements of high officials to prove that Orientals are desirable, honest, thrifty, ambitious immigrants and a credit to any country. Mr. Lilge said he could find no trace of Adam and Eve having willed Canada to Canadians exclusively, and wanted to see justice administered irrespective of color or creed. The idea of Oriental conquest of America was 'spoofed' by the negative, who gave a warning against Canada adopting a 'dog in the manger' attitude towards those energetic yellow-faced men who sought to establish themselves in this land of freedom. After prolonged consideration, the judges awarded the victory to the team from Magrath.

SUNDAY'S SERMON ON 'LIFE OF MOSES'

Bible Heroes as Important As Important As Those in Secular History

The speaker at Convocation last Sunday was Rev. W. Hollingsworth, of the Metropolitan church. He took his text from Exodus III.-4, "And when Moses turned aside to see, God spoke unto him." His sermon was based on the story told in this chapter. He said that there was a tendency, in considering Biblical history to relegate the prominent men therein to a different plane from that occupied from ordinary people. They should, however, be the revelation of the possibilities in our own lives. In considering Moses, we see that he represents the noblest spirit of men that has come down through the ages. When we look at him we see but a prophecy of what we may attain if we link our forces to truth and righteousness and God. Moses' experience may seem phenomenal to us, but if we could only see, might we not also know the presence of God? The tragedy of our life is that we are so submerged by the things we are doing that the presence of God is seldom able to greet our spirits. God always answers real prayers, but He can only speak to us about life and truth in which we are interested, and in which our thoughts are associated. To the understanding heart the message will bring hope and inspiration, and lead to a better and a fuller life.

REQUEST PROGRAM SYMPHONY CONCERT

Next Sunday, March 11th, Edmonton Symphony Orchestra Gives Last Concert of Season

The object of this article is to draw attention to certain features of the program which might assist in its appreciation.

The following will be played:—
Symphony No. V.—Beethoven.
2nd Hungarian Rhapsody—Liszt.
Madame Butterfly—Puccini.
Tannhauser Overture—Wagner.

Concerning Beethoven's Symphony, little can be added to the notes given in the Third Program. It is full of counter-melody; in the opening of the first movement notice the "answering" of the 1st and 2nd violins to each other as if in a conversation. The second movement consists in a theme with variations. In hearing a theme for the second or third time in Beethoven's works one is not to expect a special emphasis in its recurrence, but variety of treatment.

The Hungarian Rhapsody is divided into two parts, the first being of a solemn, mystical nature with heavy bass tones and clarinet flourishes, the second part being somewhat of a Hungarian dance, beginning lightly and developing into a brilliant theme which has been very popular. It was incorporated into a popular "rag" in 1913. It is the second of a series of sixteen written for piano solo.

The melody for that once-popular fox trot "Cho Cho San" is taken from Madame Butterfly, slightly altered in rhythm. In the original it is played somewhat slower than the adapted song is, the strings playing the accompaniment "pizzicato."

The Tannhauser Overture consists of one central theme—the Pilgrims Chorus, from the Opera. It begins quietly as a trio, then a quartette, interspersed with clarinet transitions, finally appearing with full orchestra. There are two elements which should be followed in its last appearance—the slow, ponderous melody given by the brass, and the full scale accompaniment by the violins which give the climax an emotional tinge. The time is 3/4 ("three-four") and has a majestic motion.

The Edmonton Male Chorus will sing. Choral music has not the rythm of instrumental music, but has greater powers of tonal blend and shades of power. Vocal music lies closer to the mind of the performer and has a more acute appeal to the listener. Once, while in Vancouver, the writer heard Madame Fahey sing "Rule Britannia" before a large audience which affected them so powerfully that they stood up, threw their hats in the air, and shouted as if at a riot, just as she came to the climax of the song. These were not musically cultivated people, and it is doubtful if Heifeg or Kriesler could have awakened their feelings so strongly. Another illustration of the irresistable effect of singing may be seen in listening to a vocalist who becomes nervous and breaks down during performance. The audience becomes restless and rather wishes that the performer had not attempted to sing, however they may sympathize with him.

In general, concerning the Orchestra:

Perceive the rhythm—do not allow the music to pile itself on the mind in incomprehended disorder. The rhythm usually remains the same throughout a movement, varying in speed. Once discovered, it should not be lost as it is the framework of the composition.

Perceive the quality of tone of the flutes, clarinets, oboe and bassoon, brass, strings, and the various combinations of these elements of tone. Do not become engrossed with the appearance of the musicians as they play.

If possible try to be familiar with the chief melodies in whatever form they may be available.

—CEDRIC EDWARDS.

WAUNEITAS TO HOLD POW WOW

Warriors to Assemble at Annual Feast.—Tales, Legends and Prophecies

Hurry and bustle in Pembina—nearly everybody rushing around getting all fussed up—a few harassed-looking individuals darting frantically back and forth between Athabasca and Pembina—a string of girls walking over to Athabasca, where a crowd waits in the Rotunda. Such are the outward and visible signs of the beginning of THE event of the year—the Wauneita Banquet.

This banquet, the only formal function of the year for the Wauneitas has taken place ever since the beginning of things for the be-feathered tribe. Starting with an attendance of about thirty, it was held in Athabasca Lounge every year till last, when the tribe raided the camp of the Athabascans and drove them to the Gym to partake of their fried potatoes and stew.

All afternoons Reg. and his minions did mysterious things with the tables and chairs, and polished the floor till it was as slippery as the ice on the steps of Pembina; Wauneitas appeared with feathers and all manner of Indian symbols with which they adorned the snowy board. The doors were closed—Jessie and her assistants put the last touches to the scene—and then the doors were opened and in poured the tribe: braves famous of old for their skill in all that concerned the Tribes of Tory—braves who had nearly completed their sojourn in the tents of the tribe, and braves who had passed but a few moons there. And most honoured of all, the Medicinemen who had watched the growth of the tribe from the beginning and had, with kindly advice and wise suggestions, done so much to help it.

Together they sat, telling of old legends, discussing the present, foretelling the future—all drawn together by the simple bonds of the Wauneita—and when the last song had been sung—glad to have been present at the great pow wow of all the Wauneitas.

Again this year, on the thirteenth day of the month of winds, this ceremony will take place—and all the braves of the Wauneitas will again meet.

Wauneitas wishing to go to the Banquet must hand in names and 65c to Helen McQueen or May Webster before Saturday, March 9th.

ELECTION OF STUDENT GOV'T

Students' Union Elections Soon. Pick Your Candidates Now

In accordance with the policy inaugurated in 1908 the students of the University of Alberta are given a large share in the legislative, administrative and judicial affairs of the student body. That this policy has been appreciated by the student body may be inferred from the increasing interest in these affairs of government and the increasing success which has manifested itself in their efforts to handle these affairs. The approaching end of the 1922-3 University year reminds us that the date set for the general elections for the year 1923-4 is at hand.

The officers to be elected are,—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Sheriff of the Students' Union; President and Secretary of the Athletic Association; President and Secretary of the Literary Association and Chief Justice of the Students' Court. These elections are important from the viewpoint of the candidates, of the student body and of the University generally.

The positions to be filled are not sinecures, but it is just in this fact, so far as the candidates are concerned, that their value lies, for though it is a pleasing thought that one's fellow students have expressed faith in one's ability to represent them, the real value is to be found in the many aspects of the actual experience to be gained in handling the questions that will arise during the year. This experience will be of value to any student who leaves the University to shoulder the greater responsibilities in the outside world. It is in the interest of the student body generally that capable officials be chosen, for they will exert considerable influence on student affairs in regards to suggesting legislation, controlling discipline and handling fees—which assume increased importance in these days of financial difficulties. As regards the University as a whole there is a possibility that capable handling of student affairs by their representatives will play a part which will tend toward the development and success of higher education as expressed through the University of Alberta. If any argument were necessary to

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Important Amendments To Students Union Court

Larger Field of Choice for Presidential and Vive-Presidential Candidates.—Literary Association and Athletic Association Also Make Recommendations

At the next meeting of the Students' Union to be held in Convocation Hall next Friday afternoon the following amendments to the "constitution and statutes of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta" are to be submitted to the members. The important changes proposed by these amendments should be the cause of a lively, interesting and constructive discussion next Friday.

Constitution of The Students' Union, University of Alberta

Section IV.—Students' Council—shall read: 2. The President and Vice-President of the Students' Union shall be qualified members under Section II., Sub-section 1 and 2 of Students' Union Act, and both must have a credit of 30 points.

An Act to Provide for the Point System—Shall read: 2. "A". A Senior or a student having completed the required courses prescribed for 3 years regular work leading to a degree shall be credited with 30 points.

An Act to Amend the Literary Association Act

The Literary Association Act of the Statutes of the Students' Union of the year 1921 is amended as follows: By adding after Section V. a new section to be known as Section VA.

V.A.—1. Any Club or Society affiliated with the Literary Association may recommend to the Literary Association that any member of such Club or Society be awarded a decoration in recognition of such member's distinguished service.

2. The Literary Association shall refer any such recommendation to a special committee, hereby created, consisting of the President of the Students' Union, the President of the Wauneita Society, the President of the Literary Association, the President of the Dramatic Society and the Editor of The Gateway for decision as to whether or not such member so recommended merits such special recognition and on recommendation from the said special committee the Literary Association shall award to the said member, if for distinguished service in the Dramatic Society, the following decoration and if for distinguished service in any other club or Society a similar decoration suitably modified in design.

3. In awarding any decorations under this section the Committee above referred to shall only consider recommendations made on behalf of those members who have shown particular talent and ability in connection with the club or society making the recommendation.

An Act to Amend the Athletic Association Act

The Athletic Association Act of the Statutes of the Students' Union of the year 1921 is amended as follows:

By inserting the following new sub-section after Sub-section (2) of Section VI. to be known as Subsection 2A.:

2A.—"Association Shield." Form shield of green felt, four inches over each side bearing U. of A. and name of sport embroidered in gold colored thread.

The above decoration shall be awarded to each member who plays in fifty per cent. of the scheduled games on the rugby, hockey or soccer team which wins the inter-faculty championship, or house league basketball team which wins the championship or who has scored at least five points at an inter-faculty or inter-year track meet, or who has won his event in the tennis, boxing or wrestling tournament, and on each subsequent occasion that a member qualifies for an association shield he shall be awarded in lieu thereof a bar or bars (to be worn beneath the shield) of green felt with name of sport embroidered in gold colored thread.

An Act to Amend the Women's Athletic Association Act

The Women's Athletic Association Act of the Statutes of the Students' Union of the year 1921 is amended as follows:

By adding to Section VI., Subsection (4) as follows:

4. **Hockey or Basketball**—The Women's Athletic Association may award the following decoration to each member of a Hockey team or Basketball team who has played on a senior team for at least 3 years of her University course.

(a) A Gold felt "A" on a white felt single point shield 4 3-4 inches wide and 5 1-4 inches high, a gold felt "A" 2 1-2 inches high, base 2 1-2 inches, limbs 1-2 inch, top of bar in centre of letter and gold felt numerals 1-2 inch high on each side of "A" one inch from the top of the shield, denoting year on a senior team.

"Way of Sudden Glory" at Philosophical Society

Large Audience Enjoys Professor McDonald's Discussion of the Psychology of Laughter

Like many others, the writer attended the Philosophical Society meeting on Feb. 21st, filled with a great curiosity. The title of the lecture "The Way of Sudden Glory", was certainly very puzzling and gave no clue to the intentions of the speaker, Professor J. MacDonald of the Dept. of Philosophy. In expecting to be directed to a short-cut to heaven, your reporter was probably as far or further wrong than other members, who seemed to be expecting everything from a discussion of alcoholic beverages, to a lecture on the attainment of fame. Though very few, if any, were correct in their surmises, all were delighted with the subject, and with whatever expectations he arrived, each person went away perfectly satisfied.

The Way of Sudden Glory is a phrase that was used by an old philosopher to mean laughter, and since used in many good, but little read books in the same connection. As may be supposed, such a subject admitted of a laughable treatment, and the speaker took advantage of this to keep the audience in a good humor, while at the same time he dealt with the subject exhaustively. It is a pity that more thin, careworn students did not attend to laugh and grow fat—it would have been a good preparation for the senior tests. I have been asked my opinion as to whether Professor MacDonald was testing those present to see what kinds of things an audience will laugh at, but whether the society was unvoluntarily and unknowingly undergoing a psychological test or not, every person who was present would willingly undergo such another.

The professor first divided the subject into a number of propositions. First, the method of manifestation of laughter. This is found to be independent of race, and is the reverse of anger in the relative shortness of inhalation and exhalation; while the facial contortion of laughter is of the nature of a snarl. Man is commonly defined as differing from the animals in his possession of reason. He may also be distinguished in that he laughs,—he is a laughing animal. This definition is not quite correct, for Darwin says that an anthropoid ape when tickled, especially under the arm-pits, will laugh. But man is the only animal that laughs for an internal reason, at something which he sees or hears and which in his own mind is comical.

Secondly, the causes and occasion of laughter, of which there are two main kinds. The physical cause—demonstrated by children at play. It is the laugh of the healthy person who laughs as a result of physical and mental well being. Thoughts initiated by some external object constitutes the second cause. This is not merely to laugh, but to laugh at something, and it is this kind of laughter that is peculiar to man. From this proposition arises the first problem which the speaker later dwelt with more fully, namely, "What is the essence of the ludicrous or comical? What is necessary that a thing should be laughed at?"

Thirdly, the proposition of the function or purpose of laughter, both to the individual and to society. This forms the second problem which the professor undertook to answer.

Why do we laugh at things? What is the essence of the ludicrous? We laugh at a bishop slipping on a banana peel, at a stout gentleman running for a train, at the absent-minded professor who falls into a ditch, we laugh at twins, and are expected to laugh at a pun. These widely divergent things all strike people as laughable—what is it that makes them all so?

In the first place, we laugh only at human behaviour and if we laugh at things we laugh at them merely because we see a resemblance to humans. We laugh at a pair of trousers on the clothesline because we mentally fit the man in them, and at a donkey because its ruminating air reminds us of a would-be philosopher we know. We must also include the idea advanced by Aristotle who says we laugh at things out of the ordinary but not ugly or de-

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STUDENTS PUT ONE OVER ON PROFS.

Faculty Goes Down in Hurricane Battle.—Lehmann Stars

Exacting reparation for the drubbing administered to them by the Prof. line-up in the November test-battle (reported in the Faculty issue of The Gateway) the students successfully shattered the defence of their formidable oponents, and scored a sensational win. A better class of play was put up on both sides, but the improvement on the student line-up was so great that they piled up 6 goals to the Profs' 4. The Faculty team had the advantage of playing on their own ice and their greater experience showed up in the variety of their plays. The students, however, had been training hard since the last tussle, strongly encouraged by their parents and some officials of the University, so that they had the advantage of endurance and speed, proving more than a match for the nice combination of the High Brows.

Line Up

Goal
Stonewall Broadus Math. 7
Off Point
Hippo Lehmann Anat. 5
No Cover
Baldy Sheldon Anat. 21
Centre
Cyclone Killam Bot. 1
Rambler
Hurricane Revell Chem. 3
Right Wing
Duke Rowan Phil. 1
Wrong Wing
Scotty MacDonald Zoo. 1
Subs.
Terrible Lewis Eng. 2
Peppery Salter Math. 1
Molecule Smith Chem. 1

Referee, Mr. Knowledge.
Score-keeper, Tevie Teviotdale.

In the first period the students were erratic and their desperate shots went wild. Hippo Lehmann was the Faculty star and proved himself to be a good all round man. He was playing point, but sometimes roamed far from his position. His tactics outwitted the students at every turn and they could not pass him in spite of the numerous options he gave them. Chem. 3 made a wild rush but was checked with a livorotatory formula, and took a dirty spill on ice-ometric crystal. Lehmann then passed to Cyclone Killam who performed a parabolic curve around Math. 7 and shot the rubber past the ordinate for the first score. Before the brain factory speed artists recovered from this shock the Profs strengthened their lead by a fluke. Hurricane Revell slipped on his scapula, tripped up Anat. 21, who was preparing to check Duke Rowan, and by an amphibian circulation the Zoo prof. shot through the students' goal. Before the end of the period Revell was put off for slugging Anat. 5 on the lumbar vertebra. Terrible Lewis went on in his place. Score, Profs. 2, Students 0.

The students warmed up in the second period and successfully anticipated several plays. By a scientific guess Math. 1 checked Baldy Sheldon and passed to Phil. 1. Scotty MacDonald, intent on "Sudden Glory" tried frantically to check, but Phil. 1 pulled off an illusion and while the Prof. was orientating himself, shot the puck past Stonewall Broadus, who failed to protect his net. At this time the referee threatened to put the goalie off for using unintelligible language.

After the face-off Lewis was penalized three minutes for giving Bot. the boards with his vascular bundle. Bot. 1 took advantage of his absence to score a neat goal, zing right through the pallisade yer of the Faculty defence. Killam received the puck from Sheldon near his own goal and made a desperate rush down the rink slugging mercilessly with his log and finally passing to Lehmann who shot on Avogadro's Hypothesis and scored. Just at the close of the period Zoo 1 put one over on Rowan by worming through a vacuole in his defence

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NEW FEATURE IN YEAR-BOOK

This Year's Evergreen and Gold to Include Plans of the University in two-page Frontispiece

NOSING around the the desk of the Evergreen and Gold editors the other day, The Gateway reporter dug up one of the secrets of the Year-Book staff, and by dint of much urging got permission to let it out.

The frontispiece of the annual will occupy two full pages with plans of the University. On one page will be the architect's sketch of what the University will be in 19—?, and on the opposite page will be a cut of the blue-print plans explanatory of the sketch.

The editors have gone to much trouble and expense to obtain these cuts, and by kind permission of the University authorities are able to use them in the Year-Book. They feel that if for no other reason, the Evergreen and Gold will be worth the subscription price on account of the inclusion of these plans of the University.

THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the Students Union of the University of Alberta

Editor-in-chief Mark Levey
Associate Editor John Cassels
Managing Editor Cameron Bradford
Business Manager Duncan McNeill
Advertising Manager Armour Ford
Assistant Advertising Manager Ernest Wilson
Circulation Manager Betty Mitchell.

THE AMENDMENTS

A number of amendments to the Constitution of the Students' Union, which have been posted on the bulletin boards for the past week, will be submitted to the electorate next Friday afternoon. Of the proposed changes two are of particular importance. Both of these deal with the qualifications of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the Students' Union.

In the Constitution there is an "Act to Provide for the Point System" which prescribes certain qualification for various candidates. Section II. reads:—

1. Each office under the Students' Union shall represent a certain number of points, as hereinafter set out, and each student according to his standing shall be credited with a certain number of points, as hereinafter set out, and he shall be permitted to hold an office or offices equal to but not exceeding the number of points to his credit.
2. Points shall be credited as follows:—
 (a) A Senior shall be credited with 30 points.
 (b) A Junior shall be credited with 25 points.
 (c) A Sophomore shall be credited with 20 points.
 (d) A Freshman shall be credited with 15 points.

At present the offices of President and Vice-President of the Union count for 30 and 15 points respectively. This means that only a senior can be a presidential candidate, since he is the only one who is credited with the necessary number of points, viz.: 30. But who is a senior? Is it a student in his graduating year? Is it a student who is a member of the graduating class (although he himself may not graduate that year)? Or, is it a student who has completed a minimum number of years' work at the University? The Constitution does not define the term.

Subsection 2, of Section IV., "The Students' Council" of the Constitution runs as follows:—

> "The President and Vice-President of the Students' Union, both of whom shall be members of the graduating class for the year in which they hold office, and who shall be President and Vice-President of the Students' Council respectively."

It is to be gathered from the above that the President of the Union shall be a member of the graduating class for the year in which he holds office, and, since the office counts for 30 points, the candidate must be a senior, whatever that may mean.

The aim of the framers of the Constitution must have been to ensure that no student who has not been in the University a sufficient number of years to make himself acquainted with the student organizations would be eligible as a candidate for the Presidency of the Union. This is an important point and ought to be kept in mind. However, the wording of the Constitution is such that it becomes unfair to an increasing number of students every year. It tries to ensure that the holder of the chief executive office shall be a man who has had opportunities to acquire experience in and knowledge of our form of government, but at the same time it excludes from the positions men who had had greater opportunities for acquiring the same experience and knowledge. For example, according to the present Constitution students in the faculties of Law and Agriculture and students in the Arts faculty who enter the University with senior matriculation are eligible as presidential candidates. But Law students or other students taking combined courses who have been here three or four years and have obtained the B.A. degree cannot be nominated as presidential candidates except in their final year leading to their second degree when they are again classified as "members of the graduating class." This state of affairs is not quite fair and it deprives the student body of the services of its most experienced members.

A student holding a degree from the University of Alberta and studying for another degree is just as entitled to be credited with 30 points as is a senior. Even if he were credited with 30 points, Subsection 2, Section IV. of the Constitution quoted above, bars him from being President of the Union. But another clause from the same Constitution quoted above states that a student "shall be permitted to hold an office or offices equal to but not exceeding the number of points to his credit." The object of the first two amendments which appear on the front page of this issue is to remedy this defect and also to enlarge the field from which candidates for the important offices of President and Vice-President of the Students' Union may be selected.

A majority vote in favour of the amendments next Friday afternoon will mean that (to quote Section II., Subsections 1 and 2 of Students' Union Act):

1. "All students who are doing full undergraduate work in the University of Alberta;" and
2. "All graduate students in attendance following any course of studies leading to a degree";

will become eligible as presidential and vice-presidential candidates, provided they have 30 points to their credit. The amendments provide that, in addition to those now credited with 30 points, students who have been at the University for three years and have completed the regular course of studies shall be credited with the same number of points.

* * *

The other three amendments relate to the awarding of decorations in recognition of exceptional achievements in athletic or literary pursuits. There can be no objection to the general principle of granting adequate recognition to those who distinguish themselves in these lines and a badge seems to be the most appropriate form. The wearing of these badges around the University, besides affording harmless gratification to the vanity of the wearer, will help to stimulate interest in these activities and encourage others to strive after the necessary attainments to qualify for membership in the ranks of this aristocracy. Moreover, the owners will probably value these decorations, more than ever, long after they have left University, and around them will cling many of the pleasantest recollections of Varsity days.

It would seem, therefore, that there is only one thing to be guarded against. If they are to serve their purpose and prove an incentive to worth-while accomplishments, they must not be distributed too lavishly, but must be reserved for the deserving few. If they are too easily won they will become as common as German Iron Crosses.

The amendment to the Athletic Association Act provides for the granting of "Association Shields" to men who have excelled in athletics within the University itself, such as players on a team winning an inter-faculty championship, or tennis champions, etc. This will be a decoration which will be quite distinct from the "A's" and will supply a much felt want. The only question in this case seems to be whether we can afford the expense or not. If we can, the move should be a good one.

The amendment to the Women's Athletic Association Act would provide for the awarding of initialled shields to girls who play for three years on a senior basketball or hockey team. This provision requires careful consideration. There can be no doubt that the girls who excel in athletics deserve as much recognition as the boys and it may be that the decorations at present are insufficient, but it should be observed that the proposed award is based on different standards from the others. The qualification in this case is one of time rather than excellence and appears to give an advantage to those who are taking long courses or who take a long time to get through short ones. It may be that those who are introducing the amendment wish to offer an inducement to girls to go on playing for a third season when they might otherwise drop out, but in voting on it we should understand the principles on which it is based.

The award to be made by the Literary Society has a precedent in a similar award made to the Inter-Varsity Debaters. It seems only fair that those who display talent in dramatics or other lines should get an acknowledgement corresponding to it. The distribution of these decorations will be adequately safeguarded by the committee created to pass upon the names submitted. It may be pointed out that in the case of the Debating Society it pays for its own decorations at present and it is not quite clear how this will be affected by a new arrangement providing that the Literary Association shall present the decorations to the other societies. It might also be suggested that seeing the Athletic Association keeps a record of those wearing its decorations, it might be a good plan for the Literary Association to make a similar provision.



Headline: 'Lightning Knocks a Man Out of Bed.' We suppose he said, "All right, dear. I'll get right up."

* * *

He used to walk in the moonlight with one arm full. Now he walks in the bedroom with both arms full.

* * *

This startling announcement recently appeared in a Canadian newspaper:

"The ladies of the Plum Creek church have discarded clothes of all kinds.

"Call at 44 North Plum St. and inspect them."

* * *

Poultry Prof.—"What the best way to kill a chicken?"

Ethereal whisper—"Hatchet."

Prof.—"I said kill it, not raise it."

E. W.—"Well?"

Prof.—"I didn't say drown it."

The Class—"We give up."

* * *

Geol. Prof.—"The class will now name some of the lower species of animals, starting with Mr. McNeil.

* * *

Quite Out of It

Little Willie's father took him to Sunday school for the first time on Sunday, and on his way home, in order to see if the youngster had learned anything, he asked:—

"Who was it killed Goliath?"

"I dunno," said little Willie, "I was sitting on a back seat and couldn't see."

* * *

Limerick

"My supper's cold!"
He swore with vim;
And then she made
It hot for him.

* * *

I took her out in my new canoe,
As the day towards evening drew,
A wooing, bashful lover.
I kissed her on her lips divine,
And softly asked her to be mine—
When—the darned old boat turned over.

* * *

The lawyer—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it for himself.

* * *

May we never crack a joke, nor break a reputation.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, The Gateway,

Sir:—I take exception to your rash suggestion in last week's Gateway that lectures should start at eight o'clock instead of eight-thirty. On the part of one of the University clubs, may I say that we hope you soon get over the rash. (I am not on the department of English so feel that I can speak the licence of fervor).

Consider, sir, the position you would place us in. It is with the greatest difficulty that I am able to get to my lecture before my students finish their cigarettes even now. I rush along with my little satchel so fast that my coat-tails fly in the air like those of Ichabod Crane on his mule. I puff out instead of in on my pipe, and yesterday the ashes flew out and got in my eye. It made me splutter and fuss, and I couldn't see where I was going, and I hit a piece of ice and my feet lost their foundation and I fell and lit right on my—well, anyway, on the piece of ice. My little satchel flew from my hand and burst open, and spilled my lunch all over the sidewalk; those salmon sandwiches, kind sir, that my dear little wife had prepared, lay all over the sidewalk, open to the public gaze. I couldn't eat them at noon because they were all over dirt. But what made it worse was that I was walking with Mrs. Mitchell and some students went past just then and laughed in my face.

Now sir, there is another thing. If you have ever had a family, you will know our difficulty. Of course, this does not apply to Mr. Salter (but we hope it will in time), and others who have not yet loved and won, but you, my dear Mr. Editor, if you have experienced the trials and tribulations and hopes and joys of a wife and offspring, you will know what I mean. How can you expect us to come to school at eight o'clock after getting up a half dozen times to give Bobby his bottle, and be wide-awake enough to lecture to drowsy students, who sit there moping and picking the raspberry seeds from their teeth. By the way, poor little Bobby, he was sick again last night. I think he has the colic. This is beside the question, but I am sure you will sympathize with him. I have seen you around the halls and you seem such a tender sort of soul.

Then, sir, you must think of our wives, those bosom companions of a married man who stand by him when all other women fail him. My own wife has such great difficulty in getting me up at 8.10 in the morning, surely sir, you wouldn't give her the added burden of making it eight o'clock. I've heard Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Killam say the same thing, and you can see by the way the mathematical department rubs its eyes that they are still waking from the same sort of dream that Professor McDonald had in the Faculty Club meeting when he woke up and said that the dog has no cerebrum.

Well, Mr. Ediotr, I think I have said enough to show you that from the point of view of Prof. Rowan, and Prof MacPhee and George Hardy, and all the rest of us poor victims of hallowed bliss, your suggestion could not be considered.

Thanking you for the space, and hoping you will not be so cruel as to dump friction into the happy families of our club, I am sincerely yours,

—Contentwithwhatis.

P.S.—I have just seen Mrs. Hardy and she says she will come and interview you personally if you make her George come to school so early.

March 5, 1923.

Editor, The Gateway,

Recently, while lecturing, a member of the staff expressed to the class his opinion of the "Literary Society" of this University. In a cynical manner, he referred to it as 'a series of stunts' and 'a moderated form of jazz'.

On the face of it, the statement is obviously wrong, for there is no "Literary Society" in this University. Possibly he is unacquainted with the student organization of this institution, and had in mind the "Literary Association." If so, his remarks were misleading and unjustifiable. The work of the 'Lit' here is chiefly done in the individual clubs that comprise the federation known as the Literary Association. The Dramatic Society, Debating Society, Orchestra, Mandolin Club, etc. are independent units of the 'Lit', and are carrying on a useful cultural work of such a nature that no one, be he of staff or student body, is justified in belittling. Is a debate between two neighboring Universities to be considered one of a 'series of stunts'? Is the training of a first-class orchestra under the direction of an A.T.C.M. to be looked upon as a 'moderated form of jazz'? A play of the calibre of "Dear Brutus," is it to be sneered at and considered of no importance?

Only last Friday evening four teams from the Provincial High School Debating Leagues met in Convocation Hall under the auspices of the U. of A. Literary Association. Does not this fact help to emphasize the usefulness of the Association?

The 'Lit', as a whole, comes before the public eye only when it presents a 'Lit' night, and these evenings are purposely designed to suit the popular taste. But these are but a very small indication of the usefulness of the Literary Association in the University, and if their tone is objectionable to anyone, let me respectfully suggest that the difficulty lies in training the public taste for more refining and intellectual programmes. In the past, attempts have been made to stage purely litrary programmes, (such as a 'George Eliot Night') under the 'Lit's' auspices, and it was found that the student body lacked a taste for such programmes.

In conclusion, may I suggest that all students should clearly make themselves acquainted with the working organization of the student body, and respectfully submit that if any member of the staff feels it his duty to publicly criticize student organizations, he should, in justice to the students concerned, first secure the facts upon which to base criticism, for helpful criticism will always be welcome.

W. B. HERBERT,
President, Literary Association.

"BOOST THOSE WHO BOOST US"

THE WANDER LUST

By Diogenes

It is difficult to account for the universal gipsy-like tendency of human nature. Pastoral peoples are essentially nomads—others accidentally, which of course accounts for the professional tramp and the less picturesque hobo. This roving disposition is said by poets, to be due to the "Call of the Wild," which may be figuratively true, but certainly more subjective than objective. The call of the moose falls on many deaf ears, so too the sounds of the sea; the voice of music is lost on a mute, and beauty appeals in vain to the sightless—not necessarily the blind.

Yet inevitably, with the return of spring, there comes a feeling of unrest, of instability and irresponsibility. Cattle begin to rove the prairies, birds begin to migrate, children of men dissipate their energies in fun and frolic, from marbles to strenuous hikes. Now comes an end of restraint, a conclusion to concentration—at any rate a considerable let up in application—a general dissatisfaction with the scheme of things, and a vigorous protest to the prolonged seclusion and enforced hibernation of the north temperate zone.

All the acquired conservatism of thought and action, all the carefully restored accumulation of energy are weighed in the balance and found wanting. Mammals of all kinds—unkind and mankind—kick over the traces, fling up their heels, snort and rear, plunge and lunge, in a frantic effort to rid themselves of the shackles of convention. Many are called, but few are chosen. Who is not a Bolshevist in springtime? Providing one has the sensibility to appreciate the stimulus, the reaction is unavoidable.

Like the Bolshevist, we say goodbye to depression and earth's monotony. Goodbye to repression of exuberant, animalistic spirits, or any other spirits. Fling wide the casement, open the close, wearisome chamber, and come out into that realm in which man is truly himself—a playful animal and a harmless companion.

Now are books forsaken for dolls and skipping ropes, hoops and tops, ball bats and tennis racquets, bicycles and cameras. So strongly physical is the race that, at this period of rejuvenation, its consequent feeling has been called lust. As a matter of fact there is nothing vicious about it, not an atom of repugnancy, though there may be a slight enervating effect. If any condemnation is due or pity deserved, it should be offered to those freaks of nature that either resist or do not feel the "Call of the Wild."

How men do resemble cuckoos—here today and gone tomorrow. Do they ever pay for the hospitality they receive at the hands of nature? Yes, by irresponsible acts periodically performed, though of course, there is still an accumulation of debts—the concomitants of being physically and wonderfully made, so that, after all, there does appear some basis for the remark "The Wander Lust," especially so, if Wander be changed to Wonder. This is a basic and inexplicable factor when accounting for the deeds and misdeeds of the human race.

Hurrah for the return of the wander lust—
For the open fields and winding lanes,
For bubbling streams and muddy roads,
For a vigorous sun in a pale blue sky.
Hurrah for the burrs and pestiferous mud
That clings to one's clothes with the clutch of a leech,
And increases the area of each dainty foot
Till each little boot looks like a stranded boat.

And the testy temper of spleen abused,
To crusty tones and petulant mien
And the tired, wearisome, bookworm look.
Goodbye to harrowing lines on the brow
Of one who chafes under discipline;
Farewell to the shades of a jaundiced eye
Due to winter's imprisonment.

Come forth from the stuffy, fetid room—
Like Apollo, walk with buoyant step,
We all love life and each himself—
The centre and soul of the universe.

OH FOR A TAIL AND A BARK!

Through Evolution Man Has Lost a Real Means of Expression

Man has gained many things in the scramble upwards, and nobody questions evolution except a few of the most eminent scientists. It is a working principle, a sort of pragmatic truth. It explains so much about us that would otherwise be inexplicable. But man has reason to regret his loss and should regret nothing more keenly than the bark and the tail, once possessed by primal and unspoiled souls. Why have we retained the useless vermiform and lost the caudal appendage?

The more you think about it, the more the tail grows upon you (I speak figuratively) as a much-to-be-lamented member. Our language has developed mainly along the lines of unusual and auditory experiences. We find it well nigh impossible to express sensations of a kinaesthetic nature. Even the simple emotions, just plain good feeling for instance, how awkward in words. How much more perfectly could it be manifested by tail wagging. Being compelled to express our emotions by the conventional forms of speech we lose much of our naive and more direct feelings. We grow bromidic.

Dogs are more affectionate than men because they don't have to talk about it. They just wag and thus primitive affection is kept alive.

Still there are subtler feelings too fine for the medium of language. When the day's work is over you settle down to read about the bank robbery. At an interesting point your wife speaks to you. Not wishing to offend the clinging vine nor to let go the page, how convenient to wag a bushy tail to show her you appreciate her presence but wish she would kindly remain quiet.

Among the best conversationalists there occur dull lapses; we can think of nothing to say. What a boon it would be just to wag one's tail and show that the most kindly feelings were still being entertained.

Young ladies might likewise indicate by tail-wagging that their sentiments were mildly engaged even if they dared not smile.

What a boon to the preacher who could reckon by the number of wags to the minute to what extent he had his congregation with him. For the actor, how handy would be the bark for the final applause.

How productive of effects to growl at the book agent, how efficacious it would be to howl when the soloist bored us, and above all to bark beneath the adored one's window until she gave a lady-like yelp in response. The eternal necessity of arranging in logical sequence words expressive of our emotions has made many a kindly soul appear sullen and grumpy, who in reality is not. If they had tails they would wag them. We have become complex and artificial since evolution trimmed us at both ends. —W. J. M.

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The Eternal Near East

By H. A. Dyde

DITOR:—The Gateway was successful in securing for its readers llowing article, which Mr. H. A. Dyde, 1917 U. of A. Rhodes Scholar, ecntly before the Historical Club of the University of Alberta. While riter does not pretend to deal with every aspect of the Near East ion, he describes vividly a visit to Constantinople and remarks interly on the situation arising out of the political, racial, and religious ms of that corner of Europe, which has always been a centre of his and political, as well as economic interest.

ould like to begin by describ- you a visit which I made to ntinople about a year ago. ions have undoubtedly chang- e then, but it will afford a ient starting point, from l may jump backward in time nts which happened centuries r from which I will perhaps forward to the happenings of and yesterday. Fortunately rkish pound was at a discount y English pounds were worth Turkish pounds each. Per- nore fortunately the currencies the countries between Eng- nd the Sea of Marmora were discount, otherwise I might have reached the Golden Horn For with that care-free at- which is said to be character- f all Oxford undergraduates, ed out with very little actual n my pocket. True I had a of Credit, but much to my onsternation I found that sev- the Balkan bankers refused me any money on it, until it came to such a pass that a I tossed a coin to decide r I would have a much need- er and then become a charge Bulgarian authorities, or r I would spend my last re- ready money on a third icket to Constantinople and providence for food. If you lieve me I paid for that ticket me Italian lire, a few thou- ustrian crowns, a hundred or man marks, a French franc thirty English shillings, and adian dollar bill. That left h one Turkish pound which I alously guarding to tip the when I got to Constantinople, m telling you nothing but the when I say that I would far her go hungry than incur the of an unpaid Turkish luggage Finally, some twelve hours t about midnight, on a snowy December the train arrived city which I had for so long to see. The snow I found xceptional, and the next morning it melted away as though before a Chinook, but let no one think that winter has no place in Turkey. Around the coast of the Aegean and the Black Sea the winds can be as biting and the rains as chilling as any that ever blew in over Edinburgh from the North Sea.

My arrival in the ancient city was anything but auspicious; I was literally penniless and cold and hungry, and I began to think that I had exaggerated some of the things which I had thought to be hardships when I was foot-slogging around the muddy battlefields of France and Flanders. But after all, it would have taken more than that to damp my ardour, for had I not arrived at the place of my dreams? No longer would I have to be content with written description of Saint Sofia—I was going to see it myself. No longer would I have to depend on Pierre Loti and his Disenchanters for all my knowledge of the city's inhabitants, human and canine, for was I not going to be able to stand on the bridge that crosses the Golden Horn and see for myself the varied throngs of humanity that pass and repass over its swaying surface? And so in spite of my impoverished condition it was with a real sense of exaltation that I found my way to Tokatlian's hotel and ordered a sumptuous repast, carefully informing the maitre d'hotel that I expected it to be put down to my account.

The next morning I found my friends with whom I was going to stay and who were going to show me the city and perhaps from now on you will hear more of what I saw and less about myself.

The city of Constantinople was founded, as you are probably aware, by Constantine the Great in 328. His buildings were not the first erected on the site, for there was in existence then a town already old, called Byzantium, peopled by comparatively well to do and peace-loving merchants who carried on a trade all up and down the Levant. But Constantine it was who, realizing the strategic and economic advantages of its position, first laid the foundation for its future greatness as a city of the Roman Empire. Indeed this new city was named New Rome at first and it was only because it was habitually called Constantinople by the people, that gradually its real name gave place to its present one. Indeed even to this day the chief patriarch of the Greek church still calls himself "Archbishop of Constantinople: New Rome." Such duality of names is not unknown even in our own day, for it is a fact not commonly known that the real name of New College, Oxford, is "The College of St. Mary of Winchester commonly called New College".

The great emperor was wise in the work he did. One glance at the map will show how completely the ancient Byzantium dominated what was then an important trade route and what seems even today to be a highway of some importance. Northward runs the deep and narrow Bosphorus, clear blue and flanked with bold shores. Southward is the Sea of Marmora dotted with islands, and westward for perhaps a mile and a half, stretches the Golden Horn, an inlet of the sea which forms a sheltered harbour for small ships. Where these three meet lies the prominent point now called Stamboul which was once Byzantium, then New Rome, and finally Constantinople. Across the Golden Horn from Stamboul lies Galata, a piece of territory assigned to Italian merchants in 1265 in return for the friendly services of Genoa in the overthrow of the Latin Empire of Constantinople. Galata is now part of the city and contains all the wharves and quays and warehouses through which is transacted the large business of the modern town. Above Galata on the same side, is Pera, the European quarter, of comparatively modern growth, containing one main street called the Grande Rue de Pera on which or near which are most of the European embassies. Across the Bosphorus from Galata is Skutari, "the city of the golden windows," so called because in the evening the light of the setting sun reflects like polished gold from every window in the place. But although I mention these parts of the city in passing it is really Stamboul which contains for us all the interest of the place. Constantine found it a walled and fortified town. Some of the remains of the Byzantine wall still appear to a careful observer. But the founder decided that he needed another wall farther out and accordingly built a second series. Even these were found inadequate and in 413 a stupendous wall was built hundreds of feet thick at the base and rising to a height in places exceeding 60 feet. Surely now the city was fortified. But times change and circumstances alter; Mohammed the Conqueror, the leader of the victorious Turks in 1453 did not trouble to attempt to storm these walls. Instead he went up the Bosphorus and built two large stone towers, which still stand, at the narrowest point of the strait. From there he was able to prevent the grain and food ships from coming down from the Russian Black Sea ports and gradually but inevitably the inhabitants of the much walled town were forced to capitulate through lack of food.

While on the subject of walls it might perhaps be interesting to say a word with regard to the Turkish flag, the well known crescent. The crescent is now the military and religious symbol of the Ottoman Turks. According to one story, during the Siege of Byzantium by Philip of Macedon the moon suddenly appeared, the dogs began to bark and aroused the inhabitants who were thus enabled to frustrate the enemy's schemes of undermining the wall. The Byzantines then and there are said to have adopted the lunar crescent as the badge of the city. The story then goes on to say that it was in turn adopted by the Turks after the capture of Constantinople in 1453 either as a badge of triumph or to commemorate a partial eclipse of the moon on the night of the final attack. In reality, however, it seems to have been used by them long before that event. According to Prof. Ridgeway, to give you an idea of the different theories, the Turkish crescent has nothing to do with the new moon, but is the result of a base to base conjunction of two claw or tusk amulets. It is thus that all our own cherished illusions are shattered by the ever busy scientist and seeker after truth. For me I will never give up my belief that the real explanation is the one connected with the dogs and the new moon. Two statements, however, seem indisputable: there is nothing distinctively Turkish in the combination of crescent and star, for that is an old Illyrian device; and further, there was originally no particular antagonism between crescent and cross: that came very much later with the Crusades.

But if we accept the dog and moon legend, we will have to remember that the dogs received poor treatment in return. It is true that for centuries not a dog was ever killed in the city and they overran the place like mice in a barn. Each dog was assigned a territory and woe betide the dog who poached on the preserve of his brother. They were the self appointed scavengers, the City Health and Street Cleaning Department, but like all good things their day came. The Young Turks who succeeded to power in 1908 were not dog fanciers and a typically Turkish method was devised of ridding the city of what was really a grave menace to health. Not one of the animals was to be killed. They were all transported to an island in the Sea of Marmora, one of the Iles des Princes, and there they were to be allowed to live out a ripe old age in comfort. For some time a boat was sent regularly to the island with food, but finally the Sublime Porte forgot or got tired and the day came when the supply boat was not sent out and once such a precedent was established it would have been a breach of official etiquette to have sent a boat on the second day and so no boat ever went to the island again. If you have already inferred that the dogs, in a famished condition, fell to on one another, you have guessed right. A curiously easy and satisfying religion, the Turkish one. It would be a wrong before Allah to kill a dog with a rifle, but there is no stigma attached to the act of letting him die of starvation or allowing him to be killed in a battle with a fellow brute.

(To be continued in next issue)

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT OF EVERGREEN AND GOLD URGES STUDENTS TO BE PROMPT WITH THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Have you subscribed for the Year Book? This seems to be the prevailing cry of the editors and business management of the Evergreen and Gold. "If you want a copy, order it now," they say. Orders will be given to the publishers only for the number of subscriptions that are in at the time of going to press, which will be March 15. After that date subscriptions will not be taken, even for love or money.

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"WAY OF SUDDEN GLORY" AT PHILOSOPHICAL SOC'Y

(Continued from page one)

structive. Lastly the effect is laughable in proportion as the individual causing the laughter is unaware of it. Bringing these ideas together we find that we laugh at a departure from the ordinary which brings the individual into contrast with custom, which is not destructive or harmful to the individual, and of which the individual laughed at is more or less unaware.

After dealing in more detail with the different classes of laughable things, the speaker turned to the second problem, that of the function of laughter. To society laughter acts as a policeman. Things which society discountenances and yet are too trivial to be punished by law are laughed at. To the individual laughter is a safety valve, it relieves situations of strain. Civilization creates a tension of the intellect and emotions which laughter relieves. Laughter, being directed at people who unconsciously exhibit mal-adjustment to their environment, is the natural policeman of society. It would be futile to appoint any authority to enforce the adherence to the ordinary customs and usages of a community, but this work can be done very efficiently by laughter. On the other hand laughter, along with profanity and alcoholism, affords a relief from customs when they become burdensome. Professor McDonald lamented at times people became so engrossed in money making or some other activity that they forgot how to laugh, but he expressed his hope and belief that such a useful thing would never die away.

"HUMAN NATURE"

By C. J. Thoreson

It was an appropriate name.

Bill Higgins had returned from town and was drunkenly relating the news of the day.

"Sh' guy name' Hoover," said he, wantsh ev'body t'conmishe. Shays foolish buy bacon. Shays raish pigsh."

Sam Prouty, in an equal state of befuddlement, listened gravely, and after some alcoholic discussion, they decided to accept the food administrator's advice. That night they quietly abstracted a dirty, squealing little porker from a neighboring pigpen, and thus helped make the world safe for democracy. Said Prouty profanely:

"Gotta be patriotic. Pershon who won't 'conmishe fer good uv country should be shot." And they patriotically christened the newcomer Hoover.

With the morning came sober thought. Building a pen for Hoover meant work, and patriotism waned. They had almost decided to return the little fellow to his owner, when they lit upon an ideal sty. This was the partners' 'shop,' a large moonshine still cleverly concealed in the hillside. Here they ceremoniously installed Hoover, and patriotic stock again rose.

"Make good watch-dog," said Prouty. "Better'n the British bulldog."

Hoover thrived. The rascally companions made a pet of him, and taught him to feed on the refuse from the still. They were much amused by his antics when under the effects of his alcoholic swill, and vowed he should be taken into the firm when of age.

It was an exciting life for a pig. Occasionally revenue officers came to the place, and the partners retired precipitously to their retreat in the still. Hoover learned that he must also go into hiding, for if he were seen he would be shot at for one of the razor-backs, or wild pigs, which infested the region.

One day Hoover made an unusually good dinner, and in a spirit of bravado induced by his stimulating meal, wandered unsteadily down the hillside. Forgetting his fear of strangers he ventured into the small town which lay at the bottom of the hill, and went staggering and grunting through the streets.

People could not understand what ailed the dissolute hog, and a crowd gathered. The mayor officiously ordered the town constable to "take thet ar beast to th' pest-house. Might have a contaigus disease."

"Betcha it's got ep'lepsy," said a small boy. I know, cuz my gramma hed it."

But a village loafer solved the question when he sniffed meaningly and asked,

"Where'd you get it, piggy?"

Hoover seemed to consider this. He paused and pondered deeply for some moments, then turned and started rapidly back the way he had come. The villagers now directed their fun at the man who had put the question, and Hoover disappeared.

One man, however, had not finished with the inebriate. When Hoover started away from the village, this man started after him. The pig saw that he was pursued, and the pursuit developed into a race. Up the hill they tore, until Hoover's dissipated body ached with the torture of exertion. The man, however, still followed, and came up just as Hoover threw himself frantically into the still. He drew a gun and entered, and an hour later Higgins and Prouty were safely lodged in the county jail.

"Would you believe that ar pig would be so ongrateful?" asked Prouty.

"Aw, well, Sam," replied Higgins, "I guess it's jest human natur."

Franco-German Question

By George V. Ferguson

(Continued from last issue)

As for Germany, if there had been any evidence of good faith or a will to pay on her part, there would be less reason for France's attitude. France, once the armistice was signed (and there lies the root of the whole trouble) would have had to grin and bear it. But there has been none. The Germans realized that they were in a strong position. All they had to do was to practice passive, inert resistance. Even had the government the best intentions in the world, it was not strong enough to enforce demands upon its own people. The republican government has been from the first, weak, helpless, and hopelessly corrupt. The monarchists, though losing ground, are still mightily strong. The people liked the Hohenzollerns, and now buy large quantities of postcards, bearing a pathetic portrait of the ex-Kaiser, with the words underneath, "Von der Welt verlassen." The republic means nothing vital to the people as a whole.

It is hard for us to realize how strongly the Germans believe in the righteousness of their cause. The "Circle of Steel" argument is believed by all. Hemmed in by foes on every side, foes who were jealous and envious of her material progress and of the beauties of the German mind (for they talk "kultur" endlessly), Germany fought desperately to defend herself. Her armies remained essentially undefeated, but were betrayed—stabbed in the back by propoganda and weakened by the infamous blockade, so they say.

And so she hates consumedly. Italy she despises. I think she is still secretly afraid of Russia, though circumstances may drive them together. The United States she looks upon as the most selfish of all nations. Her hatred in that direction she reserves for Woodrow Wilson who inveigled her into an armistice on the 14 points, only to betray her. To England she is friendly—for the moment, but it will be long before Germany will forgive the blockade, or our commercial supremacy.

And France she despises and hates. Despises her as a degenerate, immoral, decadent nation, slowly sinking to a well merited oblivion; hates her—and fears her too, for in the depths of her soul she feels that some day there will be a fight to a finish, and if that day should come while Germany is weak, it may mean the Fatherland's finish. "If France will not leave us alone," said one German to me, "we will push her into the sea." And he went on to tell me of a long line of French aggressions into German territory, just as the French tell of countless German attacks upon her.

The Germans naturally tell everyone that to take back Alsace-Lorraine was an outrage. I did not get out among the peasants of Alsace, as I had hoped to do, and I would not like to say how deep Germanization had gone. Superficially it must have been pretty complete. So far as I could tell, the restoration of the provinces was welcomed by the people in 1918; furthermore, much of what I was told and read in Germany about the provinces was obviously false and untrue. German propoganda carries no weight. It is clumsy, over-toned, and too often insincere—obviously so. I am afraid that it is true to say that the Germans are an insincere people, due essentially to a severe dose of nationalism. They have lost perspective.

What rouses their anger most is the "Black Shame", their expression for the presence of black French troops on the Rhine. This is of minor importance, but it is played up in the press, day in, day out. Awful stories of violation and pillage appear in print. It is useless to deny that nothing of this goes on. There is bound to be some. I have heard Frenchwomen express a certain gratification that it does go on. But, without a doubt, nine-tenths of the stories which the Germans believe, are pure invention. If on no other ground, military discipline would have long ago collapsed were all the stories true. But it is an excellent way to inflame the Germans against the French, to stir up more resentment and hatred.

Germany needs a moratorium. Without it she will go to pieces. But the French are in dire straits also. The franc is threatening to follow the mark and the krone "over the hill to the poorhouse." Neither country has tackled her financial problems with enough vigour. There is general hope all over Europe that the United States will "do something." They realize nothing of the American domestic situation, nor of the state of public opinion. What the Americans are to do, it is hard to say. She certainly cannot make the lion lie down with the lamb—the only way to bring peace to Europe.

The first essential is to give France the promise of as much security as possible. Why England has not offered her close alliance, which she could do without danger to herself, I do not understand. It would be something at least—a first step. If the States would join in that, so much the better. France asked for that in 1919—and did not get it.

There is no use talking League of Nations to France. It is not good enough. Germany would never submit, I think, to the conditions which Austria submitted to, for the stabilization of her finances. But let us wait until the mark falls to 100,000, and we shall see.

I said a little while ago that the signing of the Armistice was the fatal mistake. At that time, two courses were open. One was to sign the Armistice, stretch out the right hand of fellowship to the fallen foe and say, with Dean Inge, "We have all been mad together. Now let us straighten out the muddle," on the assumption that the emotion by which the close of hostilities was greeted would last long enough to set the nations on the right path.

The other course was to refuse a truce, carry the war home to the German people by defeating their armies before their very eyes, and dictate terms to a nation writhing beneath the yoke of an occupation extending over a large part of the country. Such action, together with the flight of the Kaiser and the attempt to establish a republic, might well have wrecked German unity. Force is the only cure for Pan-Germanism, and, I think, the only remedy which would have had a salutary effect on the German mind. The "right hand of fellowship" idea would have been hopeless from the beginning.

But a middle course was taken, and from that moment on the Germans have been dictating terms to us, though at heavy cost to themselves.

For the French to apply force now will, I am afraid, bring disaster upon themselves as well as upon their enemies. The German state of mind will be too much for them. No state can coerce the 65,000,000 Germans now. It might have been possible in 1918, or in a summer campaign of 1919.

So far as I can see now, the only course is to cry quits, and admit failure. Cancel all reparations (to all intent, they are cancelled now), and so far as is possible, inter-Allied debts. Give France as much protection as possible, and then—wait. Perhaps the passage of time will change German feeling for the better. Perhaps injured nationalistic pride will heal itself. Perhaps the spirit of Pan-Germanism and the ideal of German Weltmacht, still unsubdued, will die out. Perhaps! But if not, get ready for another outburst.

Let not thy mind run on what thou lackest as much as on what —Marcus Aurelius.

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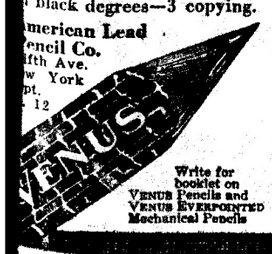
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ACT I—SCENE 1

Eleven o'clock Sunday morning in a girl's room in Pembina Hall. Discover attractive Verona McKay sitting up in bed, copy of The Gateway in hand and Saturday night's "Journal" strewed about

Enter Gwyn Harkness, Verona's chum, residing in the same corridor, arrayed in negligee and braided hair.

GWYN—Heaven sakes, V., aren't you up yet? Better not let Miss Todd catch you. You're breaking one of her pet rules, you know. Reading in bed, weakening eyes, glasses, blindness, maybe.

VERONA—Aw, cut the scare headlines, Gwyn. Let's talk about something pleasant. There are chocolates on the dresser, help yourself.

GWYN.—What a lovely box; and those roses! Say V., Hunter must think a lot of you. Always sending you flowers and stuff . You are a lucky girl to have him. He never forgets you. Gee, wish I had a beau like that. Don't you love him?

VERONA—Oh, yes, I suppose so. Seems as though I've always known Hunter. He helped me put on my first pair of skates. We used to play hookey from school together. Wetaskiwin has grown a lot since then. Seems as though we've always been sort of half engaged. Hunter is such a good scout. You can always depend upon him. Even when the crowd of us had escorted his ambulance down to the train last night and I was saying good-bye to him—he lay so white on the stretcher with his poor three broken ribs—but he managed to scare up a smile, told me to have a good time, keep him informed of all the good news, and let him know if I ran out of chocolates.

GWYN.—That was certainly an expensive touch that Hunter made in the game yesterday, for though it won us the game we lost in Hunter Harrison the backbone of the team. Doctor says he'll be lucky if he gets in shape to play basketball. I'd give a year of my life to have him look at me the way he does at you sometimes, V.

VERONA—Did you see what The Gateway says about the Saskatchewan rugby team this year? We play them here week after next, you know.

GWYN.—Yes, I heard they've been winning everything this year.

VERONA—The newspapers say that it's all due to their star end, Jack Pelton They say he is a wonder at passing the ball and so fast that they can't stop him on end runs. But judging by this awful picture of him in the "Journal" he must be a lemon. Looks like a poorly disguised prize fighter.

GWYN.—Better get up, V. You know how your complexion looks if you have to do it in a hurry. See you later.

Act II—Scene 1—University of Alberta athletic field, near the close of the Alberta-Saskatchewan rugby game.

Discover Verona McKay and Kieth Teasel in bleachers. The latter is a regular on the rugby squad, but is on crutches with an injured foot.

KIETH—My word, this is a tough game. Our line holds, but they skirt our ends. Toughy McGovern's long punts when our goal is in danger are a big help. Now we have the best chance to score that we've had the whole game. Its our ball on their 20 yard line, third down, only three yards to go. Toughy can make that stay of the team since the loss of Hunter Harrison. See, we're using a trick formation, but its bound to be a buck. There goes MeGovern through the line: 3 yards, 5 yards, 8 yards. Look how he plows through. Oh, a fumble. The ball through the line. He's the mainrolls free. Who'll get it? Saskatchewan has picked it up. A lateral pass to their star, Pelton. See him dodge. Fast as lightning. Can no one stop him? Only one man between him and our goal. A flying tackle. Pelton's down. The ball is dead. Holy smoke, look at him roll. Across the line. A touch. But that won't count, the ball was dead when Pelton struck the ground and stopped. There the whistle blows. Game's over. But they can't allow that score. Pelton cheated.

VERONA—Isn't he wonderful?

Kieth—He's fast all right, but he's got a yellow streak, V. If that referee were half a man he would call that play back.

VERONA—Kieth! How ungenerous.

KIETH—I give him credit for winning the game because he got away with it, but never once did you see our hero at the bottom of a scrimmage. Always passes ball to someone else before he's tackled. Rotten tackler himself, afraid he'll get hurt. Did you see him trip Chick Allen to keep him from getting the man with the ball once? That's dirty. And that ball was dead before he rolled over the line with it for a touch, too. He knows it.

VERONA—You're jealous, Kieth. You just say these things to belittle Jack Pelton. I'll meet him tonight at the reception the girls are giving for the visiting team. I'm going to look my nicest and if I have an opportunity I shall certainly compliment Mr. Pelton on his splendid playing.

KIETH—Better keep away from him, V. He has the spirit in athletics that Hunter hates.

VERONA—Here we are at the dorm and just time to dress for supper. Good-night, Kieth.

KIETH—Good-night, V.

ACT III—Scene 1—Balcony of University of Alberta gymnasium. The seats are filling for the Alberta-Saskatchewan basketball game. Discover Verona McKay and Gwyn Harkness seated next the rail.

GWYN—V., you haven't told me what you and Jack Pelton did last night after you met him at the train.

VERONA—Oh, it was late when the train got in and we didn't wish to go to a silly show so we just walked about and finally landed at our own Tuck Shop and it was time to be in when we came out. Gwyn., Jack's wonderful. So attentive and witty. I could be happy forever with a man like that. He's captain of the Saskatchewan basketball team, too, you know. Some of the Saskatchewan boys I met last night played on the rugby team when Saskatchewan beat us. Jack made the only touch, you know.

GWYN—He is certainly a good correspondent, if that constitutes a claim to greatness. He's written you at least twice a week ever since you met. But there are those who are mean enough to say that he is not a sportsman.

VERONA—Well, I hope you don't take any stock in the stories, Gwyn. They are all malicious attacks on Jack's character because he's such a splendid athlete. No one can ever make me believe that Jack Pelton isn't the soul of honor. Why, he has told me himself that such envious lies do not affect him in the least. He just laughs at them.

Oh, there they are now. (She waves). I think the Saskatchewan colors, green and white, are a dandy combination. Don't their new jerseys look bright? There's Jack. (Waves again). They say he's even better at basketball than he is at rugby.

GWYN.—You haven't mentioned our boys yet, V. They have new jerseys, too, and I think our colors are much more attractive than that old green and white. You'll be a proper Saskatchewan fan if you keep on.

Isn't Hunter plucky to play with his three broken ribs only half healed? Both Doc and the coach told brother that Hunter was possessed to play in this game. Of course, he's captain and we must beat them at basketball since they beat us at rugby.

Enter Les Harkness

HARKNESS—Hello, Verona. Hello Sis. Thought I'd find you up here somewhere. Decided I'd slip up and spread you the inside dope why Hunter was so determined to get into this game. He'll play against Jack Pelton, their star centre. If Hunter can't hold him down we haven't a man who can. Besides that, rumor has had it that the two have had words about Verona.

Gee, I'd give my hopes of salvation to get into this game. But I haven't a chance. I'm only a fourth sub, you know. Well, so long, girls, watch the fun.

VERONA—Hunter ought to know better than to try to play in his condition. But he can't hurt Jack.

GWYN.—(vindictively) —I hope he squashes him.

Act IV—Scene 1—Gwyn's room at the dormitory. Time, 2 a.m. Illumination is moonlight flooding in at the window and moonlight reflected from a world of snow.

Verona pads in and stands beside Gwyn's bed.

VERONA—Gwyn. Oh, Gwyn., are you awake?

Gwyn.—(Sleepily): I wasn't, but I am now. Why, what's the matter, V.?

VERONA—Oh, everything. I'm the most miserable girl in Pembina.

GWYN.—Poor thing, you look like the last rose of summer. Jump in here and tell me all about it. I have been so worried about you, Honey. You said you were coming to the dance with Jack Pelton after the basketball game, but he said that he did not know where you had gone. A bunch of the girls made chocolate in here after the game but no one had seen you. Hunter is being sent home to Wetaskiwin on a stretcher again.

VERONA—Oh, Gwyn, don't don't. It is all my fault. Will Hunter ever forgive me? Sobs). I have been walking the streets for hours fighting it out.

We saw that the game had become chiefly a battle between these two and Hunter was wearing Jack out. I admit that my sympathies were with Jack, poor, blind fool that I was. Never shall I forget that moment five minutes before the end of the game when Alberta was five points ahead of Saskatchewan. Jack was flinching before the tigerish leaps of Hunter when the ball was thrown up between them at centre so that he was losing the jump every time. I was looking straight at them and saw every move when that cur, realizing that the game was being lost, waited until Hunter had jumped for the ball as it was thrown up between them, and just as Hunter came down Jack jerked up his right knee and struck Hunter squarely on the left side of those broken and half knitted ribs. Hunter fell in a faint. Time out was called and he was carried off the floor. What if the referee did see and suspend Jack Pelton from the game, what if he will be suspended from athletics for the rest of the season.

Gwyn, I swear as surely as I lie here in your arms that at the moment that cowardly blow was struck I saw the low, sneaking expression of a thief or criminal flash across the face of Jack Pelton. Oh, I loathe, I hate him. I saw red and made some excuse to leave you. I wanted to get away, away. I wanted to be anywhere but in that gymnasium. When I became conscious of my surroundings I was two miles away on Whyte Avenue. The December air was biting, the fresh snow sparkled in the lights from the shop windows decorated for Christmas.

GWYN.—You poor dear, you must be worn out. You must go to sleep. Tomorrow Christmas vacation starts, you know.

VERONA—No, no, Gwyn. dear. I cannot sleep until I have relieved the heavy burden on my heart. Let me confess all. The evening I was with Jack before the game I talked about Hunter in order to tease Jack. At the Tuck Shop I saw the flame of jealousy ablaze in his eyes. It was rumored that Hunter would be in the line-up at his old position of centre. I wanted Jack to outshine him. I wanted Jack to outplay him and win everyone's admiration. I never suspected that he could think of using foul means. I did not believe any of the reports I had heard about Jack not being a true sportsman. Later I saw how blind and foolish I had been.

So I could not fly to Hunter and bathe his poor side and kiss the pain from his forehead as I wanted to do. He would hate me if he knew, for he has always been the soul of honor and he once loved me. Oh, if I could only win him back. Hunter Harrison, my Hunter. But I must go to him and confess. I have thought it all out. Though he scorn me with bitter words, he cannot hate me more than I hate myself. He has loved me and trusted me and been true to me since childhood. I know now that there can never be any other man in the world for me. Oh, Gywn, Gwyn, tell me do you think that he could ever forgive me?

GWYN.—Yes, yes, darling, of course Hunter will forgive you. He is too big-hearted and chivalrous to bear malice towards anyone. He will become a splendid man beloved of the world.

VERONA—Why, Gwyn, I do believe you love him yourself. Answer me, Gwyn, do you?

GWYN.—Yes, V., I shall always love him. I have watched him grow from a sturdy small boy to the best athlete at Varsity, but always and only with the solicitous love of a mother for I have realized that he loved you, V., and that he would never love another.

We must go to sleep now.

(Darkness and peace settle upon the room as the moon sinks low).

Act. V — Scene 1 — The morning train from Edmonton to Wetaskiwin. Discover Verona McKay kneeling beside berth wherein lies Hunter Harrison.

VERONA—And so now you know, Hunter Harrison, how small I am and how weak. Though he was not of our school I thought he was loyal to his own and a gentleman. Because he was witty I thought he knew much. Because he seemed a star athlete I thought he was a man. I thought I loved him, but I was a fool. I have loved you always, Hunter, but without understanding. I know, too, that your ideals are my ideals. Spurn me if you will, no one else will ever matter. (His hand slips into hers). I am unworthy of you but I want your love as I have never wanted anything in my life before. I love you, Hunter, forgive me.

HUNTER (gathering her in his arms)—My own; my own. I thought I had lost you and the world became but a sombre place in which to live. But now God has brought you back to me. The happy love dances in your eyes. Will you be mine forever?

VERONA—Yes, dear, forever.

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Growing Philosophical Despair

"The mechanistic philosophy, as it is being taught in some of our colleges and universities and in the published works of some of our philosophers schooled in psychology, biology, chemistry, and physics, is inculcating in the man-on-the-street the idea that he is little more than animated clod, and that the university is a mere machine without sympathy or purpose. This theory of life is not the view of insane men," seriously avows Albert Edward Wiggam, writing to the Century Magazine.

To support this statement he quotes numerous quotations from the lectures of professors in various institutions. Here they are, fresh and fearless as Eve on her natal day—"man is a mere cosmic accident. immortality is a sheer illusion. practically no evidence for the existence of God. . . . religion is a mere defense mechanism. a device for importing symbols into a world of fact. a picture of a universe run in his private interest to keep up his courage. soul and consciousness are mere mistakes of an older psychology. freedom of the will has been knocked into a cocked hat." They remind one of the popular and fanciful wares of a cheap-jack with a Petticoat Lane vendor's vernacular to boost the sale of the goods.

It is interesting and stimulating to read a review of Mr. Wiggan's article in the Literary Digest for March 3rd on the above subject. It is at least a healthy sign to find men taking themselves seriously in fundamental things such as matter and mechanics. It may be true that matter is all sufficient and mechanism self determining, but one can only accept this statement of so called fact when it has been demonstrated in the laboratory in approved style and according to scientific methods. When ether has passed its first examination in physics one will be better able to judge. It takes life to assemble and coordinate matter. Conscious effort lies at the root of organization. One might as well expect a university to make its own plans and erect its own structure.

Religion and immortality, soul and consciousness are not the only illusions of time and compensatory fictions of the human mind. It would seem that this material universe is subject to the same scheme of analysis namely, trial and error, and consequently may well be misinterpreted and misunderstood by rationalistic beings much in the same way as unscientific people are said to have misinterpreted it. After all has been said about the subject there is but one and the same medium of interpretation, namely the mind in matter or of matter or that which is matter. Is there any reason for believing that the biologist knows any more about the beginning and end of matter than does the psychologist or man in the street? Did matter ever begin and shall it ever end? Is this not too big a problem for atomic weights or molecular formulae?

It is true doubtlessly that the majority of scientists are mechanists—that is their business purely and simply, as mechanics, they are reliable and painstaking, but when it comes to matters of finality in causation they are, as authorities, as great an uncertainty as a dark horse. It may be that these semi-scientists and psychologists can prove that—"the freedom of the will has been knocked into a cocked hat."—it always did seem to lie somewhere between license and anarchy and as obstruse and obscure as the fifth dimension. It is too sure a proposition for the average understanding and sounds like the crow of a cockerel with his head chopped off. It would be illuminating to get a definition of will and of freedom before deciding either. As for free will, it ranges between predeterminism and determinism, the first type of volition accounts for absolutism and the latter for despotism. One soon learns that some people are more or less self willed and wilful. The ego of some minds seems to have a much greater percentage of finality and infallibility than others. There are people who have no will of their own and do not know enough to leave one when they die. One can understand the "cocked hat" of such a procedure.

Regarding the importing of symbols into a realm of fact, what more abstruse and illusive symbol is there than that of infinity introduced by mathematicians. Chemistry is full of symbols and some of them are mere conjectures as to the nature of reality if such reality exists. If science can predicate and dictate in terms of symbolism what good can come of philosophic ridicule?

Would that thinking was a mere mechanical process. One would never have to burn the midnight oil. It would only be necessary to put a book under one's pillow and sleep and read at the same time. What a time-saving apparatus the mind be. One would suspect that ,having ears and eyes and brain—the mechanism of intelligence is all there is to the art of learning and understanding. Would that it were true. Who would not be a philosopher. On this supposition, one could not tell a Paderewski from a mere mechanical piano. One might well expect that a clock could assemble itself—self wind its own spring, and conduct its own business.

The proper place for such intelligence is in an insanitorium where it can be properly stimulated and investigated. If the average man in the street were to enunciate such ideas and ideals he would at once be detained on the grounds of loose construction. Ir Mr. Wiggan's report be true, it would seem as if our universities are but lunatic asylums but it is quite apparent students will never take him seriously. Some professors may be extreme in their discussions, but many of them never go out of their way to tell you what they think—the thinking is left to the other fellow. No, imagination and thought and action are not regulated in a perpetual clockwise movement or antiwise movement after the manner of quandrant ad infinitum. There is scarcely any attempt to coordinate university intelligence except for examination purposes. After that, one thinks as a professor, with a certain amount of reservation.

There is nothing more sure than that such mortal illusion as mere mechanism accounts for the untimely end of supermen of the Nietzche type. These intellectual conjurers play with their modern hats like a dog does with his tail. It is a great game—like flying—one is apt to lose control going round and round and round and round and suddenly take a nose dive. Does not some such explanation lie at the root of Bolshevism? Is it not the offspring of mechanical thinking—absolutism on the one hand and on the other human irresponsibility? What else can be expected if those in authority abuse man's confidence and outrage his common sense?

It may be reason is purely a mechanical process, freedom may be humbug, and will a misnomer, intelligence may be wheels within wheels, and personality nonentity. It may be that sentiment is foolishness and religion lunacy and ethics and art childishness, but why in the name of common sense perpetuate this buffoonery at the expense of the ignorant ratepayer on the pretext of evolving the race to a higher state of proficiency when, after all, what is meant is everlasting confusion and chaos. If man is a mere cosmic accident then he is the most despicable symbol and unsophisticated atom in it. It should not surprise anyone if these so called doctrines of matter and mechanic rise to mechanical and irresp violence that will make Bols and anarchy seem mere pla little knowledge is a dan thing. What a misfortune. much learning makes one mad unfortunate! Ignorance is What a happy coincidence!

—H

SUNDAY SERVICE ARRANGEM

The speaker at Convocatio next Sunday morning will b Allan C. Farrell, of Medicin Mr. Farrell is well known t out the Dominion, as former tary of the Board for People's Work of the Me Church of Canada, and enjo cial favor as a speaker to st

The Sunday morning servi Convocation Hall will conclu March 25th, the Sunday pr Easter. On the 18th the will be Mr. E. A. Corbett, Se of the Department of Ext who gave the opening addre October. On the concluding Professor Burt will addres meeting on "The League of N the Hope and Danger of the W All students are invited to these remaining services o term.

DR. GORDON TO ADDRESS DRA

On Monday evening, March Dr. Gordon will speak to th matic Society on "The Play Thing." The meeting will b at 8 p.m. in the Lounge, Atha Everyone is invited to com enjoy this lecture.

ODE TO THE "FRESH COMMITTEE"

By "Loo"

Doc Sheldon P-H-D.
Heads the "Fresh" Committe
And I, muse in my rest
On how I can best
'Scape him and the Fresh Com

Shorty Long of History
I'll have to cater to thee,
And by good behaviour,
And a little endeavour,
Pass you and the Fresh Com

Milne of Mathematics,
'Tis here I thinks I sticks;
But if you can lie
As cheerf'lly as I,
I'll pass the Fresh Committee.

Salter of Eng-a-lish,
I know I'm a poor little fish;
But do take some pity,
And give me a fifty
To fool the Fresh Committee.

Nicholls of Physics One,
What evil have I done
For you to deny
Me the pleasure to fly
Right over the Fresh Committ

When I am a Sen-i-or too
I tell you what I'll do:
With my nose set high,
Stalking right by—
I'll ignore the Fresh Committ

An American visiting Irela ed a manservant at the tavern, many mails do you have day?"

The servant replied, "Thre ner, breakfast and supper."

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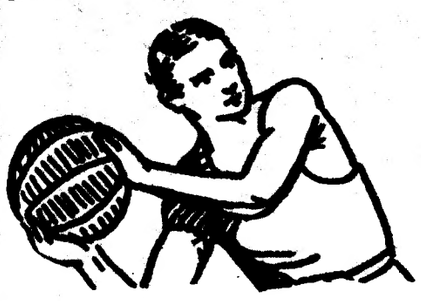
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SPORTS



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Alberta Title at Stake For Basketeers Thurs.

Varsity in Fine Shape for Provincial Finals.—Coach Bill Holds Last Workout Thursday

EITHER RAYMOND OR CALGARY

Raymond Wins by 4 Points on Own Floor from Calgary.—Will Have Practically Same Line-up as Last Season

Thursday evening will see the opening game of the provincial basketball finals on the Varsity floor. Varsity will meet the winner of the southern group. Raymond and Calgary are battling it off at Calgary Tuesday evening, Raymond having won the first game in Raymond last Friday night, 28-24. Although the bills are up for the Varsity to do battle with the boys from Raymond, Calgary, from its showing in the first game, may spill the dope and give the sign lads some more hours of tin. To hold the famous Raymond gang to 4 points on their own floor is some task.

Figuring that Raymond will be meeting Alberta, the fans are assured of the best in the line of basketball. With the exception of Webster, the star defense man, they will use the same team as they did here last season. Fisher and Fairbanks, forwards; Nalder, centre; Mudron and Stevens, defense, with Burr and Lund as subs.

On the other hand, if Calgary turns the trick, they will have the strongest team in years to represent the cow town. Weir and Brayner, forwards; Millar centre; Zeigler and Letroy guards, and Phillips as sub. Brayner and Millar were seen in action here a couple of weeks ago when the Calgary Normalites tangled with the local teachers-to-be.

In either case Varsity will board the C. P. hand cars directly after the tangle and will be equally at home in either of the towns. Possibly Parney could have a better time in Calgary, so let's hope for his sake that Calgary knocks the next game with Raymond for a line.

Coach Bill will give the boys the last workout of the year Tuesday afternoon, the final touches will be put on, and everything lined up for the struggle.

BOXING RESULTS

At the boxing elimination contest held last night at Memorial Hall, the Varsity was well represented, and three wearers of the Gold and Green, as a result of their endeavors, will travel to Calgary for the finals. The three are Lagerquist, who defeated Harper, the runner-up at last year's meet in Calgary, Cohen and Clark Gordon. A full account of the meet will appear in the next issue of The Gateway. The following is a list of the winners:

100 lbs. and under—N. McLean, won from Cassidy.

125 lbs. (novice)—B. Cohen, Varsity, by default.

135 (open)—L. Stefanson won from Donaghue.

145 (novice)—Thomas won from Sicilly.

145 (novice)—Hislop won from Haworth.

145 (novice)—Tait won from R. J. Gale.

145 (novice)—B. Tait won from Hislop.

145 (open)—Murray, default.

158 (open)—Barker, Varsity, won from Bible.

158 (open)—de Calvert won from Barker.

158 (novice)—C. Gordon, Varsity, won from H. Gale.

175 and over—Lagerquist, Varsity, won from Harper.

175 and under—Sayres, default.

175 and under (open)—Waterman.

Whatever is in any way beautiful hath its source of beauty in itself, and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised.

—Marcus Aurelius.

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VARSITY SECONDS HOOPERS WINNING

Wednesday Evening Gave 27-24 in Close, Hard Fought Game

TAKE Y. M. C. A. INTO CAMP

Will Be in League Playoff with One More Win.—Two Postponed Games

Varsity, after a neck and neck scramble, managed to close a city intermediate league game against the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday night with the scales 27 to 24 tipped in their favor.

The game was perhaps the most sensational seen on the Varsity floor this winter. The end of the first half found the "Y" with a lead of one point. The pitch of excitement climbed during the second half to a regular pinnacle, and three minutes before time the men from overtown enjoyed a three-point lead. With a stroke of basketball genius the Varsity boys made a few switches in their line-up, and in those last three minutes overtook their opponents and established the final score at 27 to 24, with the green and gold triumphant.

Referee Teskey handled the game in a masterly fashion.

The teams lined up as follows:

Varsity—Ferguson, defence sub.; Watts and McLaren, defence; Stevens, centre; Halliday and Dahl, forwards; Clarke, Page and Smith, subs.; Wintemute, manager.

Y.M.C.A.—Isowda and Dodds, defence; Worekits, defence sub.; Kilgour (captain), centre; Ropechan and Walker, forwards; Delong and Cvarich, subs.

Referee, Teskey.

KLU KLUX LOSE SHEETS IN GYM

Second Floor Gents Chalked Up Second Win Over the Over World

BASKETBALL DISHED UP

Costuming Was Exotic in Fracas Held Ash Wednesday

Klue Klux Klan, that ambitious corridor, o'er which Macaulay, B.A., rules supreme, once more went down to a crushing defeat, and at the hands of their ancient rivals, the Second Floor artists. The piece de resistance was basketball, though from a K. K. standpoint the resistance was Helgy Hyde. He was hard to stop, and, moreover, insisted upon shooting for baskets—awfully bad form, eh, what!

The writer of this brilliant and whimsical article has often heard it expatiated that it is considered sporty, and fine, and noble, and all that sort of thing, to congratulate the winners, so we take this opportunity of congratulating them. Of course, they were awfully lucky and fluked nearly every point and could not win again in a thousand years, but still they won, and should be commended, yea, even reverenced.

(Continued on page six)

INTER-YEAR TRACK MEET ON MAR. 17

Captains Want All Contestants to Hand in Names Early.—Just Two Weeks Left

STAFF NOVELTY RACE

Open Events for High Schools and Normalites. —Relay Race

At the meeting of the Track Club held on Tuesday afternoon it was decided to postpone the coming track meet one week in view of the fact that the basketball team will be in Raymond on that date. This comes as welcome news to many of the athletes who were hoping for a little more time to get into the proverbial pink.

It was also decided to put on an open event for the local High school and Normal. This event will take the form of a half mile relay open to one team from each school. The Faculty Relay and the Novelty Race, open to members of the staff only, also were discussed, but it was decided to keep the nature of the novelty a secret until March 17.

As only two entries from each year will be allowed in each event, contestants are reminded to place their names with their captains as soon as possible. The captains for the various years are as follows:

1. Fresh—Girls, M. Clements; Boys, E. Leppard.
2. Soph—Girls, M. Webster; Boys, S. Barker.
3. Junior—Girls, R. Becker; Boys, R. Baker.
4. Senior—Girls, M. Simpkins, Boys, D. Allan.

The following events will constitute the official program. Events marked C will be championship events and will count for Inter-Year shield.

1. 600 yds. (Boys). C.
2. 40 yd. dash (Boys). C.
3. 40 yd. dash (Girls). C.
4. Standing High Jump (Boys). C.
5. Shot Put (Boys). C.
6. Standing Broad Jump (Girls). C.
7. Running Hop Step (Boys). C.
8. Inter-faculty Staff Relay Race. 220 yds.
9. 300 yds. (Boys). C.
10. Standing Broad Jump (Boys). C.
11. High School Relay. Half-mile.
12. Running Hop Step (Girls). C.
13. 50 yd. dash (Boys). C.
14. 50 yd. dash (Girls). C.
15. 1000 yds. (Boys). C.
16. High School Relay (Girls). Quarter mile.
17. Mixed Relay. Half Mile. C.
18. Throwing Basketball (Girls). C.
19. Staff Novelty Race.
20. 300 yds. (Girls). C.
21. 2 miles (Boys). C.

The above is not the order of events. This will be arranged as soon as entries are all in. Post entries will be allowed only in special cases, so see your captain at once.

CALGARY, 25; RAYMOND, 16

Calgary earned the right to meet Varsity in the Provincial basketball finals when they won the second game of the series from Raymond, 25-16, giving them 5 points on the series. Calgary lost the first game 28-24.

The Japanese bury their dead in a sitting posture, following a custom centuries old. This is done to save space. Three can be buried in the space of one American grave.

Pharmacy and Science Re-Play Friday's Game

Science Wins from Pharmacy But Goal Disputed Owing to Net Moving.—Protest Allowed.—Replay Tuesday

DENTS INTO THE FINALS UNDEFEATED

The Molar Mongers Take One from A. C. Friday Evening.—Wunk Williams Takes Evening Off for the Odd Hike

At a meeting of the Inter-Faculty hockey executive held Monday afternoon, the Pharmacy-Science game was ordered to be replayed. In Friday's game Lawton put the winning goal in the net from a scrimmage, in which the net was moved. The protest was based on this point, whether the goal was scored before the net moved. The replay will be on Tuesday afternoon on the Varsity rink.

Science worked its way into the playoff of the Inter-Faculty league Friday afternoon when they managed to turn in a win over Greenway and his mob of pill hounds, 2-1 and the battle is told. Each team netted the puck once in the opening session and then battled for two full periods without further score. With about 67 seconds to go, in a scrimmage in the goal Lawton batted the puck past Mitchell and the game went to the Knights of the Transit.

Playing on fairly rotten ice the teams put up some speedy hockey. Science opened the scoring early in the first period, Lawton getting the counter. Pharmacy came back strong, Kadela evening it up a minute later. There was no score in the second spasm, although time and again Pharmacy broke through only to miss an open goal.

The third period, up till a minute to go, was the same as the second. Lawton slipped the winning counter in in a mix up.

Lawton was the scintilater for Science, while Hansen was doing the Hal Winkler stuff between the pipes. Greenway turned in his usual game for Pharmacy. Kadelac was going good. Science suffered a couple of casualties, Noulette having his hand injured, while Stewart did some antics on his elbow. Alex. Law had his hands full watching the game, and swung a fine bell.

Science—Hansen, Stewart, Cundal, Noulette, Fraser, Lawton, McLeod, Lee, Barker.

Pharmacy— Mitchell, Greenway, Doby, Kadelac, Croissetiere, Ford, Douglas, Henderson.

Referee: Law.

The Dentals will meet Science in the final of the Inter-Faculty league. The win 4-2 over the A. C. team Friday evening put them in the finals. The Dents kept up their undefeated record and went after the game from the bell, netting three counters in the first session, while the A. C. bunch slid in the one. Law opened the game with a neat counter, then dangled up the ice with his playmate from Didsbury, a lad named Leismer whom he assisted in scoring a tally. A few minutes later Martin, who was subbing at the time, pushed in the third checker.

At the end of this spasm Mister Wunk Williams, hearing the call of the wild (wild wimen) took his tubes off and informed the teeth draggers that the game was won as far as he was concerned, so he was after new fields. Anyhow, Wunk went hiking and the rest of the Dents played hockey.

The Dents scored their last goal in the second period, Maxwell Crawford going down the ice linked up with Hector Leismer, who took a pot shot at the goal.

A. C. went right after the game in the third, but could only chalk up one.

For the Dents Leismer and Crawford were going good. Carlyle had a rest on defense. Townes emulated William Laird in goal.

MacDonald in goal for A. C. was the bright light, while the Smile brothers turned in a good game.

Huesty Huestis handled the game to his own satisfaction.

Dentals—Towns, Williams, Carlyle, Leismer, Law, Crawford, Gibson, Martin.

A. C. — MacDonald, MacLean, Smiles, James, Smiles, Kirkpatrick, Ellis, Murdock, Featherstonhaugh.

Science won the re-played game against Pharmacy Tuesday afternoon by a score of 2-1. The game was played on ice covered with snow. Science tallied in the first and third periods. Pharmacy got their counter in the second.

HOUSE LEAGUE SCHEDULE

Week Ending Mar. 10th

Mon.—7.30-8.15, B2 vs. B3.
8.15-9, A1 vs. A4.
Tues.—8.45-9.40, B3 vs. B4.
9.40-10.30, A2 vs. A1.
Wed.—7.30-8.15, A1 vs. A3.
8.15-9.00, B2 vs. B3.
Fri.—7.30-8.15, A2 vs. A3.

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GYM-JAMS—*By Sealer*

A Surprise for Raymond. If they get fooled as badly as we were, it will be a disappointment for Raymond.

Spring must surely be here. Medicine Hat are talking baseball. Leone has started her season's campaign by strolling, and Scotty Parkes was seen on the campus with his golf sticks.

Batstone McNeill, famous rugby star and holder of the indoor sprint record of Pembina, suffered a painful injury to the knee and is confined to his room. This is unfortunate and will force Mr. McNeill to withdraw from the annual knee and lap holding competition of Pembina.

If the said McNeil makes love the way he plays basketball he would be off the floor most of the time. He is continually holding.

The Varsity will be well represented tonight at the boxing meet in Memorial Hall. Toughie Simmons and Stan Bowes, the trainers, have seven stalwart leather pushers entered in the various classes and predict a septette of victories.

Sprung paid a hurried visit to Calgary over the week-end. It is rumored that our Beau Brummell had a lot of explaining to do, but that he got away with it in his usual light and racy style.

Pip Owen wants to know the reason for all this 'uplifting' movement that has been going on in the entrance of Athabasca.

'Twas sure some trip to Winnipeg. But forgetting the trip part of it, the game with the U. of M. girls was the best one of the trip. The one to nothing score was just about the yarn of the game. Manitoba had the edge on Varsity at skating, every member of the brown and gold being fast on the blades. Alberta played consistent hockey, using a little better team work.

At Moose Jaw Varsity won 3-0, playing against a picked team from the Collegiate and the teachers. In this city hockey is booming. They have 8 teams in the Girls' league. The Saskatchewan girls were all good.

The Calgary game was better than the 7-0 score would indicate. Five days' travelling was not the best thing for good hockey. Varsity girls were pretty well all in when they hit Calgary.

In the three games everyone on the Varsity line up turned in good hockey, Betty Mahaffy showing up well on the forward line. Perhaps the star of the trip was Miss Young in goal. At Winnipeg she was stopping them from all angles. At Moose Jaw there was not much to do, but everything was easy. In the Calgary game Miss Young earned the write up in the Calgary papers. Time and again she did the Hal Winkler act.

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INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT



MEDICINE

Remarks on the Neurology Test

Beth: "I don't see how he could even give me 40."

Mike: "Horsed again—only 84."

Doc. McG.: "Had I done it differently, I would have written a different paper."

Miss Kennedy and "Chewy" Allan of the second year squad, were out of town for the week end. We understand that they went to their home towns.

We are glad to have Dr. Minish and Harold Soby with us again, after their recent illnesses.

Among the recent requests to the Medical Faculty is one of great import to at least three members of our Club. Messrs. Haworth, Reed, and "Andronicus" Wilson request that horse tethers and spur racks be provided for their special use.

Where and when does our "Smiling Julie" do his studying? We can never find him in his own room.

Medical Club elections will soon be a topic of conversation. Why not do your thinking early, and bring along the nominations when they are called for?

AGRICULTURE

Professor and Mrs. McGregor Smith gave a dinner party for the Senior Class on Saturday evening, Feb. 24th. With their well known ingenuity, Mr. and Mrs. Smith had contrived several unusual features to start the fun. After a meal which would have satisfied and silenced even Falstaff, various games were played. For the whole evening the gloomy shadow of impending tests was completely dispersed. We have had enjoyable times there before, but have to report "each new experience better than the one before." We nearly forgot to mention that "Frenchy" had to leave early, owing to a pre-arranged date.

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Junior Class, and all because of the trivalence of that Doughty assistant from the Soils Lab.

Horticulture 1 has adopted this refrain:

"Kelly walked alone,
He wandered on his own,
The Juniors hung around the prof.
But Kelly pulled a bone."

A bunch of the Scottish Aggies (not haggis) were entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Gordon last Friday. One foreigner had the temerity to accompany them. Was he invited to help keep the peace because of his well known tactology? "Fag" "Don" and Jack upheld the honor of the Faculty, but Andy spilled the beans.

THE GREEN ROOM

"CANARY COTTAGE"

At the Metropolitan

Sparkling comedy with some real singing is the offering at the Metropolitan for this week. The Canary Cottage gives the players a fine opportunity for putting a comedy bill over, and they do it. Every member of the cast was excellent and some particularly fine voices were discovered. Mrs. Vince, as Pauline, carries her part through well and uses it to give us some singing. Irene Daley and James Coots, as the madly-infatuated pair, blend their voices well in the musical numbers.

Cliff Dunstan, as the recovering souse, is the comedian of the outfit. He takes his part in his usual style, and is heard to advantage in a souse song. Jane Aubrey has a minor role this week, but shows her ability.

Jack Martin is a scream as the colored gentleman. Taylor Bennett is the Irish gent of the play, while Ivy Bowman is the arrogant mother.

"THE BARRIER"

At the Empire

"The Barrier," presented by the Allen Players at the New Empire this week, gives a stirring portrayal of the adventure and thrill of gold hunting in the far Alaskan fields. Into this country of disorder and lawlessness Captain Burrell, a young American officer is sent to establish law and order. In carrying out his duty this young officer provoked the hatred of all the gold-runners, but won the love of Necia, a supposedly half-breed, and daughter of John Gale. The pride of his southern ancestors, however, barred him from making the beautiful Necia his wife.

Stark, a gold-runner, who is really Necia's father, attempts to jump her valuable gold claim but is thwarted in his efforts by the young officer.

DENTISTRY

Dents vs. A. C.

The Dent's hockey team has not as yet been defeated, and is well on its cheery way to winning the play off in the finals. The boys have given a good account of themselves, Valentino Leismer, the blonde star, showing a good spurt when he sent two goals home. Carlyle, standing in front of the goal like a suspension bridge, does well for a defence, but as a forward player would make a better ballet dancer. Las, as aggressive as ever, showed signs of playing hockey once. The star of the evening was our old friend "Alfie" Towne, all he had to do was to warn the other players not to shoot and they obeyed him. Taking it in all, the men warming the fence got a good deal of amusement watching the performance.

The Dents had the surprise of their young lives last week when after the Physiology test the results were given out. It was a good job we had taken a course where the use of the microscope was demonstrated as it was necessary to use that instrument to find them.

It was a good thing that the "Merry Widow" came to town this week as a goodly number of the Dents were behind in their Anatomy, but now we hope to be up to date in a few days.

Overheard in the Club After the Alhambra

Alfie: "What will you have, dear?"
Slippery Mag: "Oyster stew, porterhouse steak, olives, Boston pie and coffee."

Waiter: "What will you have, sir?"

Alfie: "I am feeling a little faint. Just a cup of coffee, please."

Carlyle—"Where were you last night, Piper?"

Piper—"At a perfectly respectable party."

Carlyle—"That's strange."

It is surprising the way a number of the first year Dents take up religion. Many a night we can go over to their rooms and find them on their knees. Then someone takes up the collection. The only thing we see wrong with it is, the collection is taken up too often.

DR. BLAIS SPEAKS AT FRENCH CLUB

After a delightful recitation of La Fontaine's fable, "Le Rat s'est retire du Monde," by Miss Gwen Little, Dr. A. Blais read a most interesting paper on "Pasteur et ses Oeuvres." "Pasteur," said Dr. Blais, "has left a name even greater than that of Napoleon, for he discovered many of the scourges of humanity and more than that, he taught the world how to combat them." Pasteur not only overthrew the old traditional methods in medicine by his theories of contagion, but in the field of surgery he left a name the supremacy of which is incontestable. Dr. Blais then gave a brief outline of the evolution of surgery since Pasteur, and the influence of the latter on such men as Lefort and his experiments on bacteria; Lister and his principles of antiseptics; and on all those who have studied the possibilities of inoculation, wherein lies the power of medical science.

At the conclusion of the address, Dr. Blais was unanimously elected as an Honourary President of the French Club.

ELECTION OF STUDENT GOV'T

(Continued from page one)

emphasize the importance of these elections the statement made by Dr. Tory in which he said he considers the President of the Students' Union as holding a position next in importance to his own in the administration of student affairs, should be sufficient.

There is nothing that will give an elected official more encouragement to fulfil his functions as a representative than the knowledge that the elections were well contested and that he really represents the choice of the majority of those entitled to vote. In view of this fact and on account of the importance of the elections generally each student should give this matter careful consideration so that there may be a fair number of candidates nominated for each office, a thorough knowledge of their respective policies and abilities and a full vote on the 28th inst.

THE CALL

"Remember," said the serious friend, "your country is calling you."

"I know that," replied the politician; "but different parts of the country are calling me different things."

STUDENTS PUT ONE OVER ON PROFS

(Continued from page one)

and putting the puck into the goal once more. Score, Profs. 3, Students 4.

On the rough ice in the last period the students had the edge on the Faculty. Lehmann did not maintain the pep he had displayed at the beginning, while Lewis and Rowan started slugging heavily but unsuccessfully. Sheldon kept cool, as usual, but his skating was rather slow. By nifty stick handling and snappy passing Eng. 2 and Anat. 5 each ran the puck up for a goal, while the last score for the Profs. was made by MacDonald when Phil. 1 tripped over a troublesome appetite in front of his own goal.

Score, Profs. 4, Students 6.

Referee Knowledge handled the game with his usual impartiality, while Tevie Teviotdale kept score. Their victory puts the students in the championship finals in April and if they do not get over-confident they have a good chance of winning.

Pharmacy Phun

(With apologies to "Longfellow")

V. Beaton, class poet for the graduating class of 1922 at the Maritimes College of Pharmacy, Halifax, N.S., wrote the following poem which has been contributed to Druggists' Weekly:

Back again at old Dalhousie,
We are at it worse than ever.
At it with but one ambition
Since we've come back from vacation,
Since we've hopped off at the station.
We've been mixin' like tarnation
Mixin' drugs we never thought of,
Mixin' till our arms are achin',
Till our shoulder blades are breakin',
Till we stop to rest a second,
Thinkin' we've been awful busy
Thinkin' p'raps th' rush is over,
But we find that we're mistaken
And we've got to start another
Mixture that's as tough as Tophet.
Mornin' night and noon we're rollin'
Pills in Talcum and Kaolin,
Rollin' till we get 'em polished,
Rollin' til we simply cannot
Roll another gorramm'd dozen.
When we've finished every blessed
Thing that's in th' Squires Companion
Every mixture, every tincture,
Every syrup, salve, decoction,
Every pill and mustard plaster,
And we're certain our professor
Cannot find another lotion
Cannot find a danged prescription,
That we hav'n't done already,
And we're hopin' that we'll hafta'
Spend the afternoon a'skatin'
With the fair ones, or play hockey.
But alas! our hopes are blasted,
For th' Prof's been setting, thinkin'
Settin' plannin' new prescriptions,
Plannin' work to keep us busy,
Plannin' heaps of stuff we never
See nor read, nor dreamt, nor heard of,
And he cries, "Oh, Hallelujah!
Get your scales out, get your mortar,
Get your pestle, slab and beaker,
Stir this mixture many minutes,
Stir it till the foaming ceases,
Till it fails to give off gases,
Till reaction is completed.
Bottle, label, wrap the product,
Wrap it neatly, careful, quickly,
Wrap and hand it in for credit."
Thus it is we always labor,
Labor and are never idle,
Labor long with many curses,
So that one day we may open
Shops, to sell a silly sucker
Salves for any sort of sickness,
Salves that lasso us spondulicks
While we sit and count the shekels.

FOURTEEN TO THE POUND

"There's the light-weight champion of our village," remarked the talkative native to a newcomer.

"Pugilist, eh?"

"Nope—the village butcher."

KLU KLUX LOSE SHEETS IN GYM

(Continued from page five)

Captain McNeil when interviewed after the game, although suffering from shock (the whole team was surprised), was very gracious, and modestly affirmed that in his opinion strategy combined with superior shooting ability turned the tide in favor of his own team. By strategy he meant the sartorial innovations he introduced. Sprung was wearing a rugby helmet and boxing gloves, Wallace carried a six-inch bowie knive and a bow tie, McMillan wore golf sticks and hockey gloves, and McNeil himself was in a moth-eaten bathing suit and galoshes. The effect from the point of view of physical pulchritude was far from pleasing—somehow it seemed to take the heart out of the K. K.'s, which was probably the idea. Of course, girls, you are quite right in inferring that personality showed through their clothes. This part of the article is a most intimate and embarrassing one and only my inherent propensity for veracity and attention to detail leads me to mention it.

Macaulay attributes the defeat to a concatenation of unprecedented misfortunes, culminating in his banishment from the game by Captain Wrinch. Macaulay had been playing a strong rushing game, but was a trifle rough and especially with Helgy Hyde, and when he bowled that worthy over for the 19th time, Wrinch reluctantly and fearfully ordered him to the sidelines. It was good judgment on Wrinch's part, for every offence meant a free throw, and the S. F. marksmen were getting closer and closer at each attempt and might easily have scored. The final score was 2-0, after 8 minutes' overtime.

The game was a thrilling one and at times Referee Brunton had his hands full. Doughty played well and knocked his man out three times before finally being forced to retire through temporary absence of cuticle. Speed Turner suffered a painful injury near the end of the first period. Wallace rushed him and knocked him over, completely ruining the Sinister Gluteus Maximus.

For the winners Manning was perhaps the out-standing star. His conversation was graceful and refined, a welcome contrast to his perspiring cohorts, and his quiet austere manner and dignified playing was appreciated by all. Sprung was dirty and one one occasion he deliberately gouged Cayford on the Milo High Hyoid. If Cay had happened to notice it he might have been very angry with Sprung.

At half time the K. K.'s were ahead by half a dozen spilled teeth, but the S. F.'s came back strong and soon had the count evened up. MacDonald completely lost his temper and hurled the offending spherule in the general direction of Heaven and actually scored a basket. It was ruled out, though, because MacDonald was offside. At this stage of the game the referee, James Brunton, began favoring the S. F.'s at the expense of the upper corridor. For example, a complete ignorance of the rules by Turner was made the grounds for giving Hyde a free throw; Simpson's proclivity for rugby was made the excuse for another throw. The referee was rotten, and Macaulay claims that he is a slubbergullion and that he will beat his can at the very first opportunity. The whistle blew with the two teams in an affectionate deadlock. In the over-time. Helgy Hyde scored the winning basket.

The artists lined up as follows:

K.K.—Wrinch (Captain), Macaulay, B.A.; Doughty, B.S.A.; McDonald, B.V.D.; Simpson, T.B.; Turner, B.S.; Cayford, O.H.; Tuck, M.A.

S. F.—McNeill (Captain), Baldwin, Manning, McMillan, Wallace, Hide.



CUPS OF TEA "AND" OTHER THINGS

We are pleased that President Tory, who has was confined to his home for several days with a slight illness, is able to be out again.

* * *

The ever-going Dr. Minish at last fell a victim to the 'flu' from which he has rescued many students this year. We are all pleased now that he, too, has joined the rescued.

* * *

Friday evening, following the final debate, in the Alberta Provincial High School Debating League, the members of the Literary Executive served light refreshments to the judges and debating teams and friends.

* * *

Miss Dorothy Muir, who took part in the Hhigh School Debates here last week, was the guest of Miss B. Russell during the week-end. Miss Muir is a sister of Keith Muir of U. of A. fame.

* * *

We regret that Miss Curry, our dietitian, has not yet completely recovered from illness, but we sincerely hope that she will be enjoying the best of health again soon.

* * *

The President of the Freshman Year is attending lectures again after a few days of "flu."

* * *

Miss Margaret Villy was a Pembina visitor last week-end.

* * *

The Varsity skating party, Saturday night, proved a popular substitute for the usual "informal" in the Gym. The spring atmosphere was too alluring for the devotees of out-door sport and the evening was a most enjoyable one! Three cheers for the Rink Committee!

* * *

Miss Lola Scott was hostess at an informal party in Pembina Saturday night, in honor of her sister Mabel, of Calgary, who was her guest last week-end. Dainty refreshments were followed by a roundelay of college songs, to the accompaniment of Irene Frazer's "banjuke."

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